

JUL 19 1950

THE WONDER HORSE

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COMICS
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CA
AUTHORITY

BLACK FURY

№3

BLACK FURY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



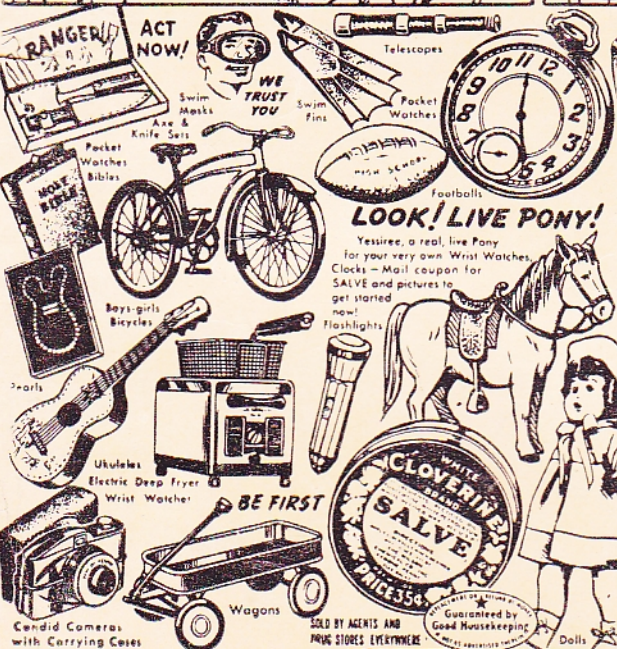
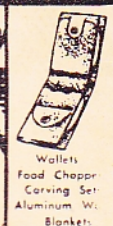
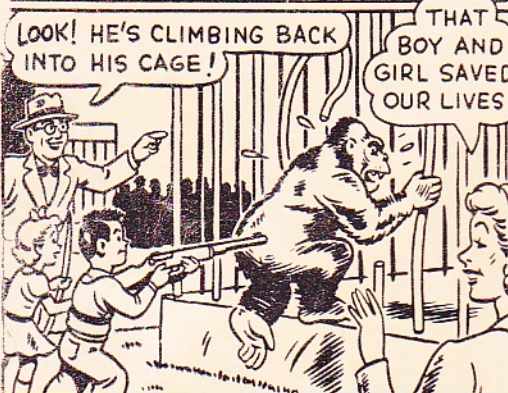


WEB COMIC
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**JUDY and
JIM DEFY
SAVAGE
GORILLA!**

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES! MEN!
**WE GIVE YOU
CASH OR PREMIUMS!**



MAIL COUPON
BIG CATALOG!
ACT NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME NARFSTAR AGE.....
ST..... R. D. BOX.....
TOWN..... ZONE NO. STATE.....
PRINT LAST NAME HERE.....
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 99, Tyrone, Pa. **WE ARE RELIABLE!**

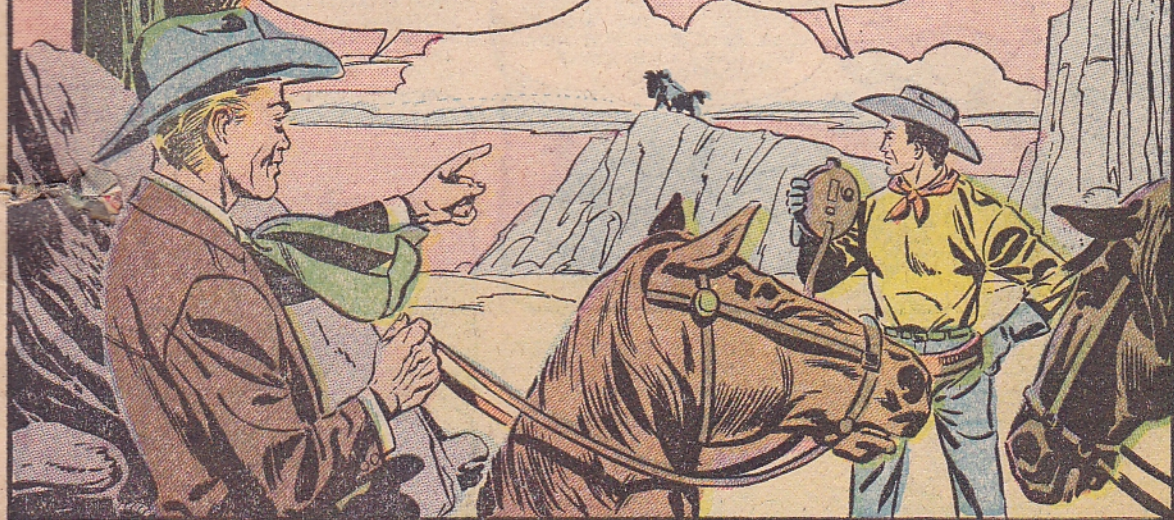
BLACK FURY

in
The Captive of "MUSTANG" LONG

THE PROUD, UNTAMED HEART OF BLACK FURY, KING OF THE WILD HORSES, WOULD BREAK IF HE EVER LOST HIS FREEDOM... BUT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE VOLUNTARILY GAVE UP HIS FREEDOM AND BECAME THE CAPTIVE OF MUSTANG LONG, THE GREATEST HORSE HUNTER IN THE WEST! IT BEGAN IN THE ROCKY FOOT-HILLS OF THE WILD HORSE COUNTRY...

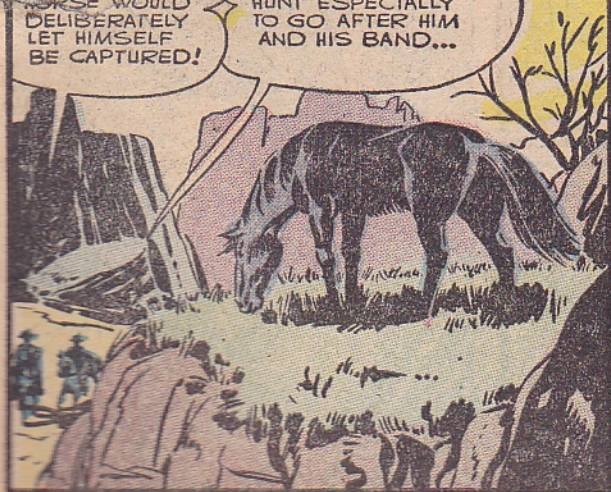
THEY TELL ME YOU'RE THE GREATEST HORSE HUNTER IN THE WEST, MUSTANG -- WHY HAVEN'T YOU TRIED TO GET THAT MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL?

BLACK FURY? LISTEN, MISTER, NO ONE CATCHES BLACK FURY... UNLESS HE **WANTS** TO BE CAUGHT!



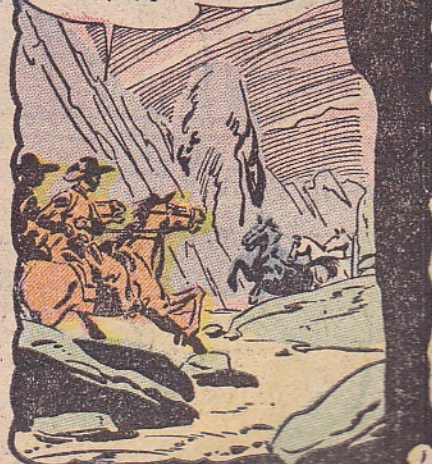
WANTS TO BE CAUGHT? BUT... BUT NO WILD HORSE WOULD DELIBERATELY LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED!

BLACK FURY DID... AND I GOT HIM! I ORGANIZED A HUNT ESPECIALLY TO GO AFTER HIM AND HIS BAND...

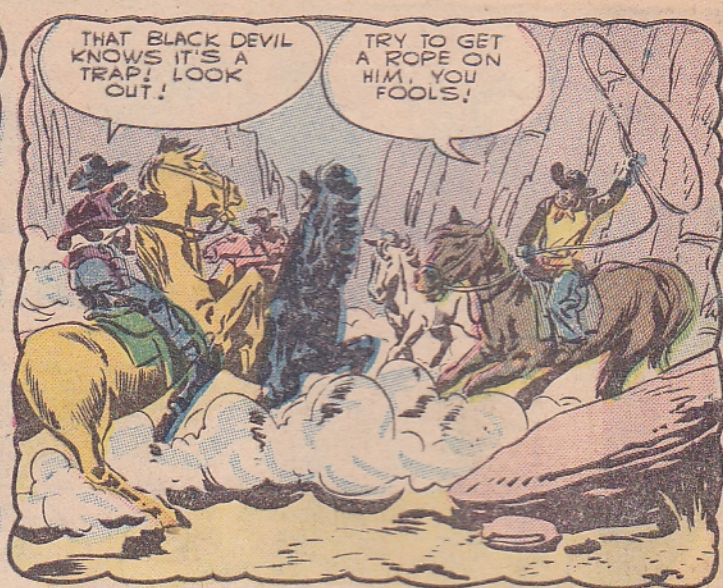


...WE WAITED TILL HIS BUNCH WERE PASSING A BLIND CANYON! I HAD PLENTY OF MEN TO DRIVE THEM...

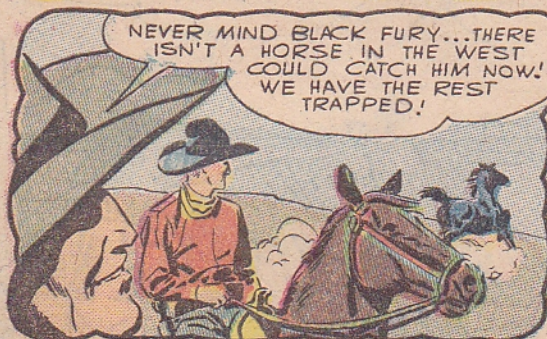
UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS-- DRIVE THEM UP THE CANYON! DON'T LET BLACK FURY GET AWAY!



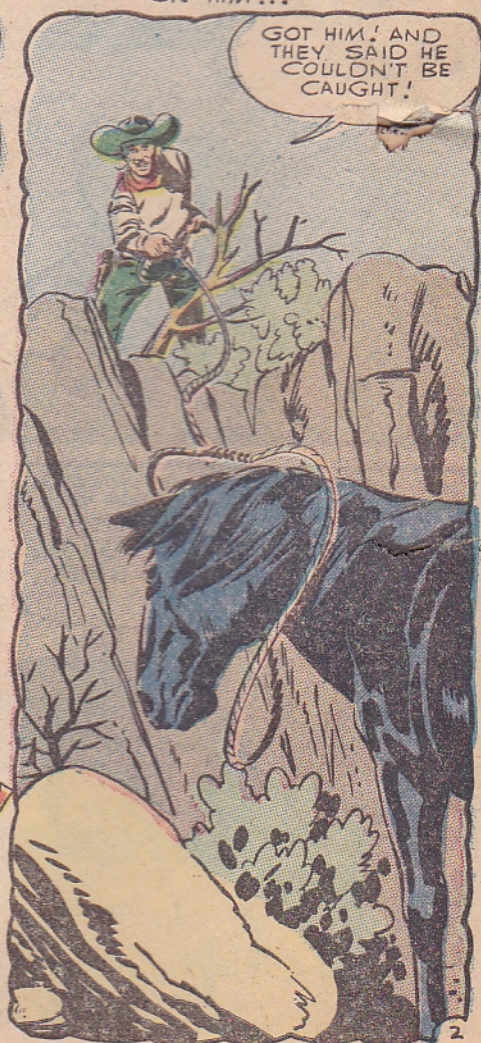
BLACK FURY



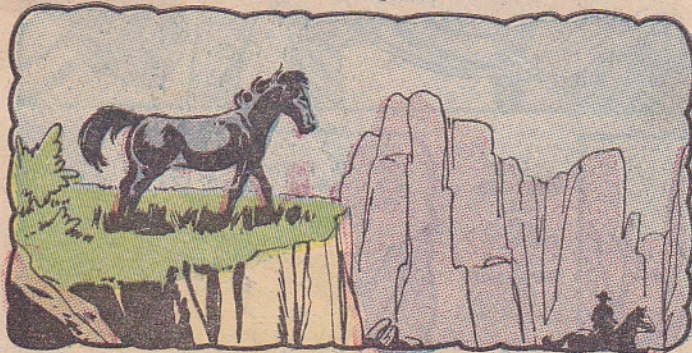
"BUT BLACK FURY GOT THROUGH US! I WAS A LITTLE GLAD TO SEE HIM MAKE IT, TOO..."



"WE STARTED THE DRIVE THE NEXT MORNING...AND BLACK FURY WAS THERE! SLIM KRAGG WAS THE ONE WHO PUT THE ROPE ON HIM..."



"YES, BLACK FURY GOT AWAY... BUT HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF SIGHT FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS WHILE WE GOT READY TO HERD HIS BAND BACK TO MY HORSE RANCH..."

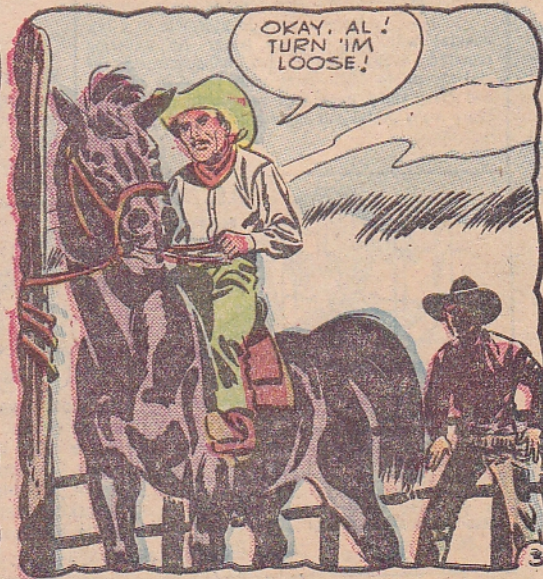
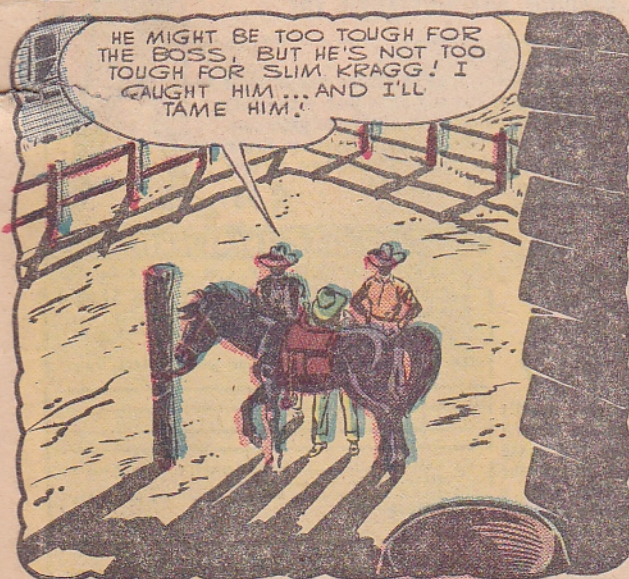
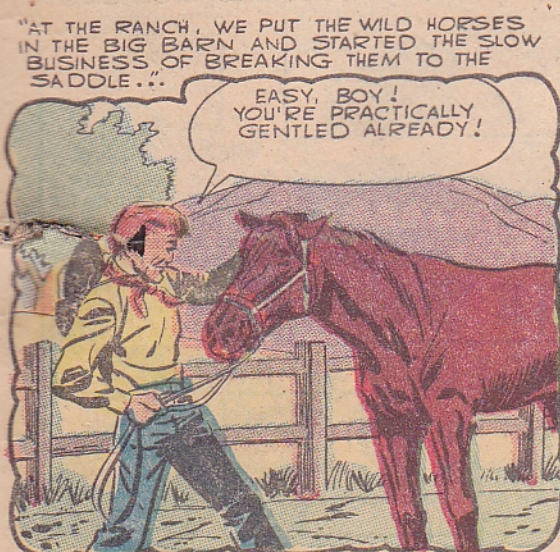
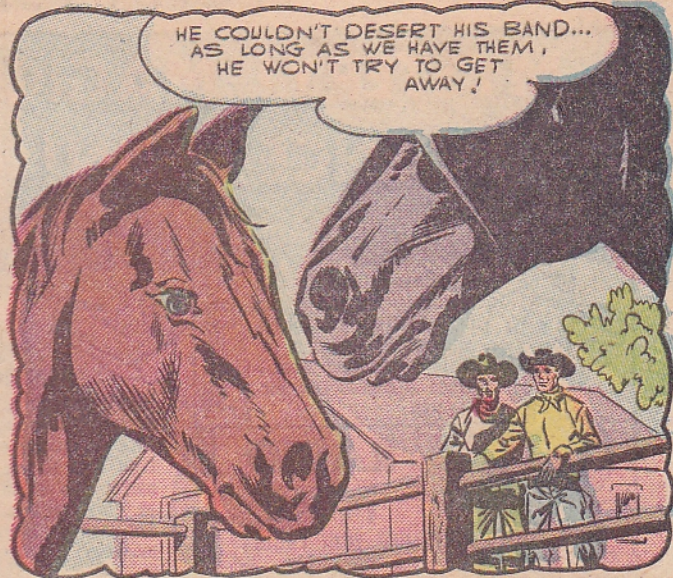
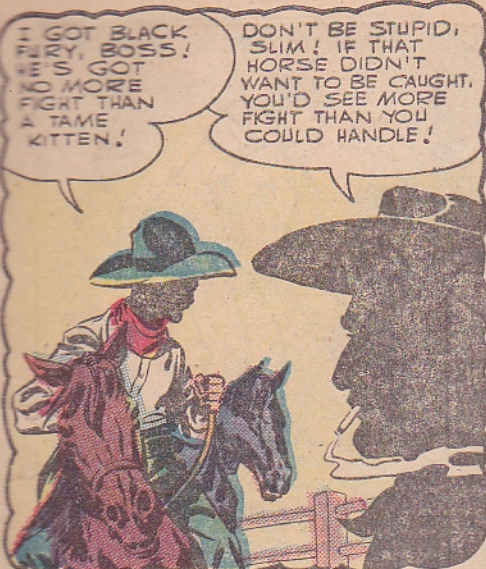


"THERE'S THAT BLACK DEVIL AGAIN! WHAT IS HE HANGING AROUND FOR?"

"POOR DEVIL! WE HAVE HIS BUNCH DOWN HERE... HE'S TOO LOYAL TO DESERT THEM!"



BLACK FURY



To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc. **1.50**

No. 240



Talk. Sing. Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from an other room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high No 112 **1.98**



Boomerang

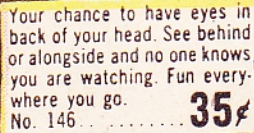
Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys" **50**



Your chance to be a ventriloquist voice into trunks, behind doors, where. Instrument fits in your mouth of sight. You'll fool the teacher, you and your family and have fun doing book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist". No. 137.....



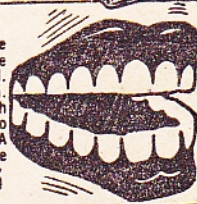
It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips it's impossible to catch It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball No 158 50¢



LOOK-BACK SCOPE



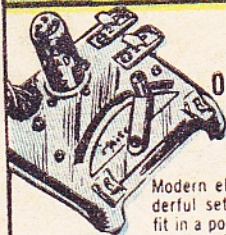
TALKING TEETH
They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights. **1.25**
No. 513.....



WHOOPEE CUS

Place it on a chair cushion, then watch when someone sits on it. It gives forth funny noises. Made of rubber, inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings. No. 247.....

POWERFUL MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE



COMPACT
ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings
in stations up to 1000
miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements at stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No 205 **3.98**



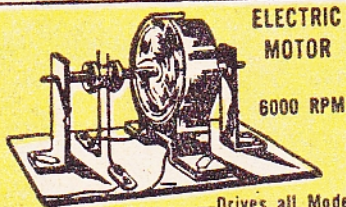
BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes. **25¢**
No. 216



Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. **6.98**



**ELECTRIC
MOTOR**

6000 RPM

—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just \$50. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high-power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute.

Now \$52 Only \$50



JOY
BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation" Absolutely harmless.

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y.
Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$10.00.
 Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied, I will
 return any part of my purchase after 10 days for a
 full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TO
1
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3
4
5
6
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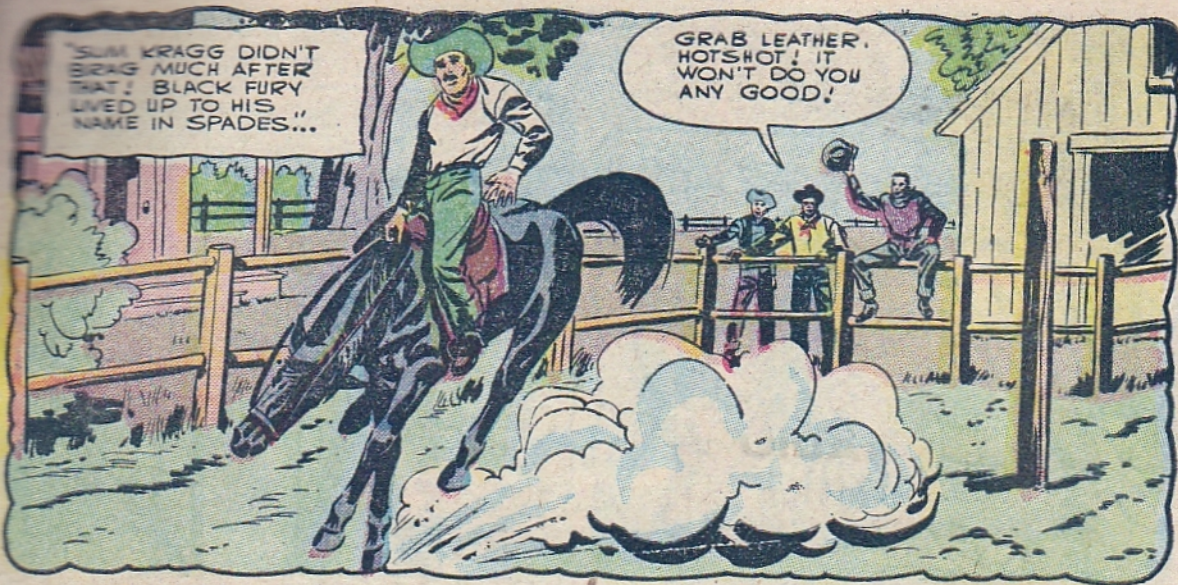
☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The _____

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery & cents postage.

NAME _____

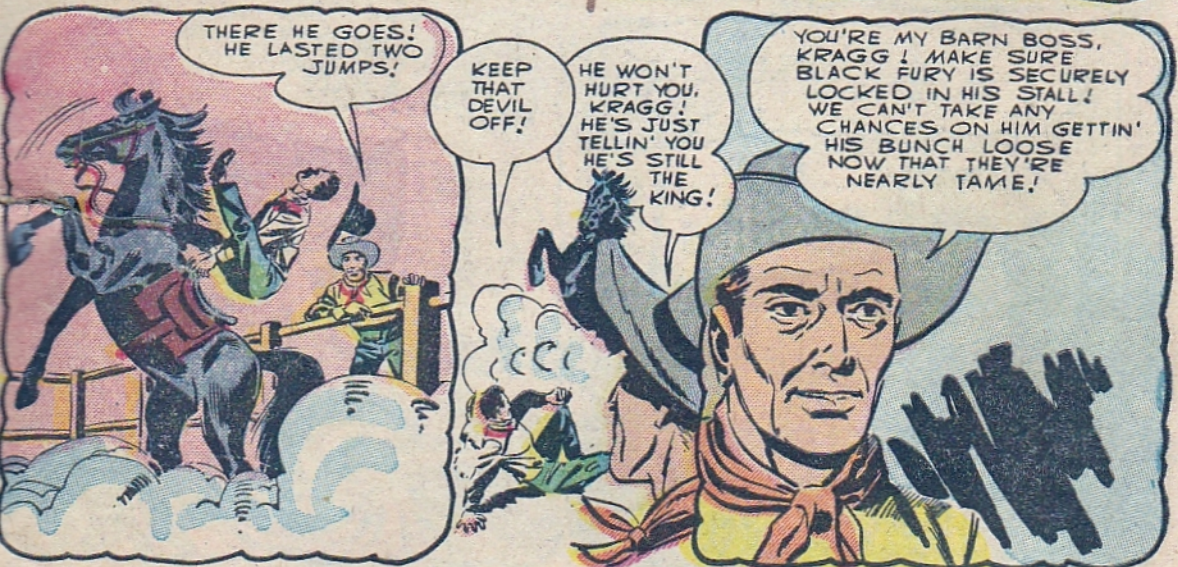
ADDRESS _____

BLACK FURY



"SUN KRAGG DIDN'T BRAG MUCH AFTER THAT! BLACK FURY LIVED UP TO HIS NAME IN SPADES..."

GRAB LEATHER, HOTSHOT! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

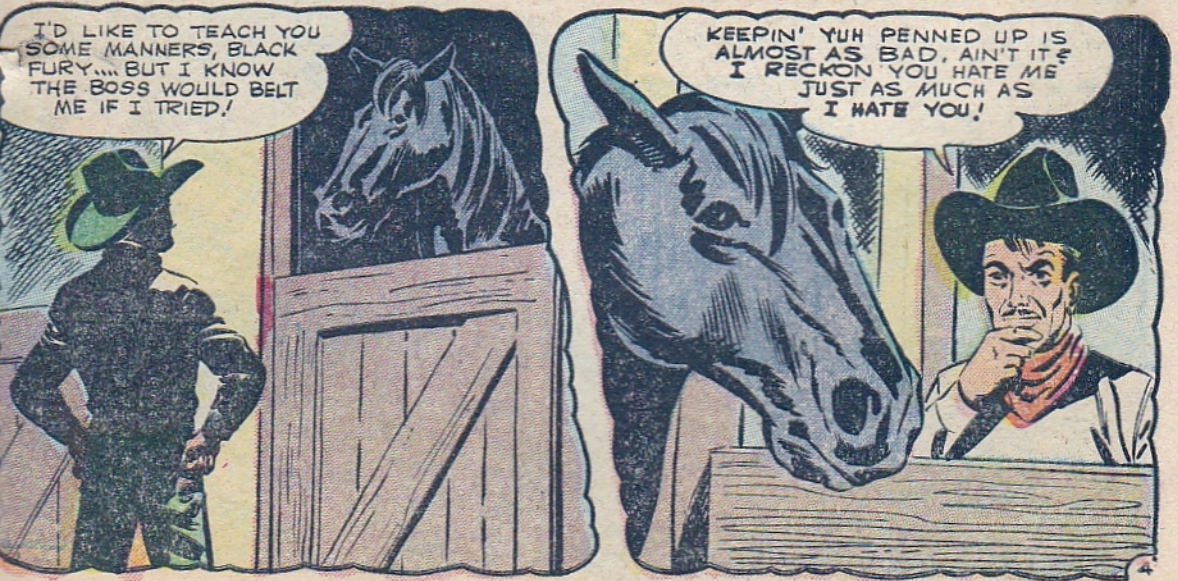


THERE HE GOES! HE LASTED TWO JUMPS!

KEEP THAT DEVIL OFF!

HE WON'T HURT YOU, KRAGG! HE'S JUST TELLIN' YOU HE'S STILL THE KING!

YOU'RE MY BARN BOSS, KRAGG! MAKE SURE BLACK FURY IS SECURELY LOCKED IN HIS STALL! WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON HIM GETTIN' HIS BUNCH LOOSE NOW THAT THEY'RE NEARLY TAME!



I'D LIKE TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS, BLACK FURY... BUT I KNOW THE BOSS WOULD BELT ME IF I TRIED!

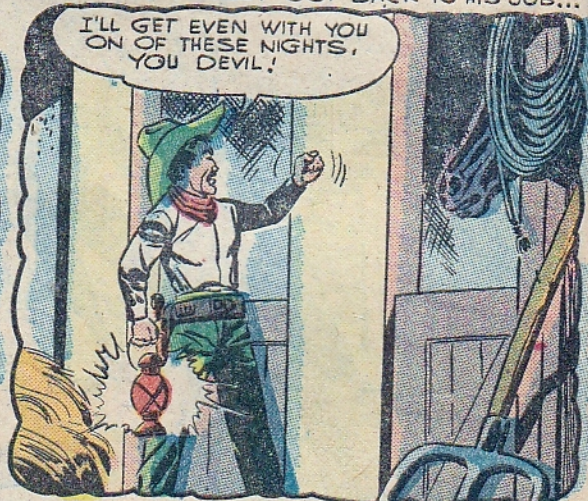
KEEPIN' YUH PENNED UP IS ALMOST AS BAD, AIN'T IT? I RECKON YOU HATE ME JUST AS MUCH AS I HATE YOU!

BLACK FURY

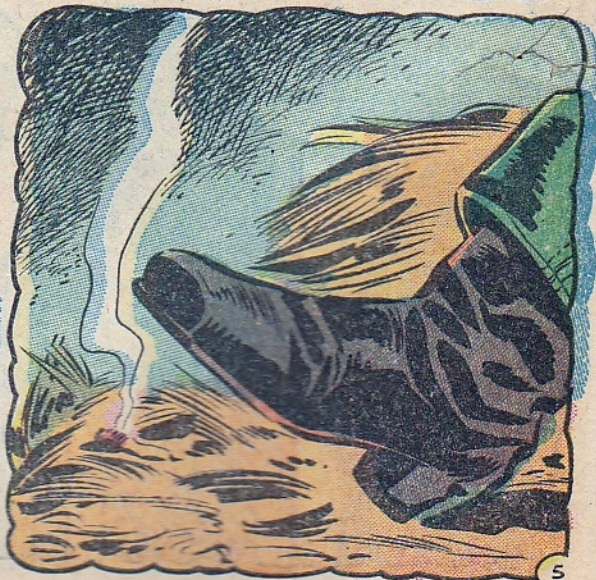
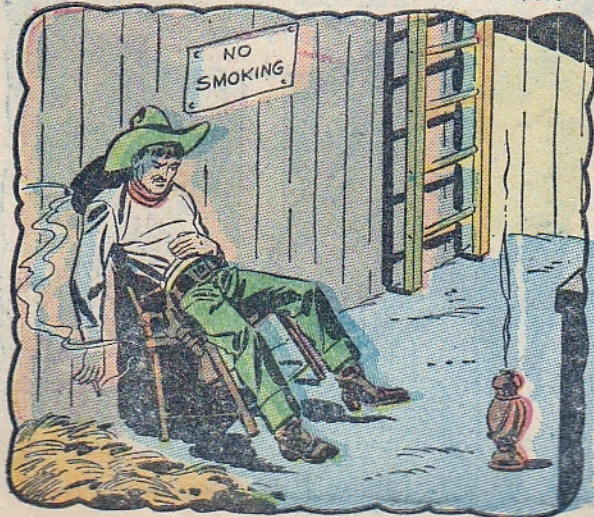
"KRAGG HAD ME FOOLED... I THOUGHT HE WAS A GOOD BARN BOSS BUT I LEARNED LATER THAT HE NEGLECTED HIS JOB PRETTY OFTEN! THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A POKER GAME IN THE BUNKHOUSE..."



"KRAGG PLAYED POKER MOST OF THE NIGHT, HE WAS ALMOST ASLEEP ON HIS FEET WHEN HE FINALLY GOT BACK TO HIS JOB..."

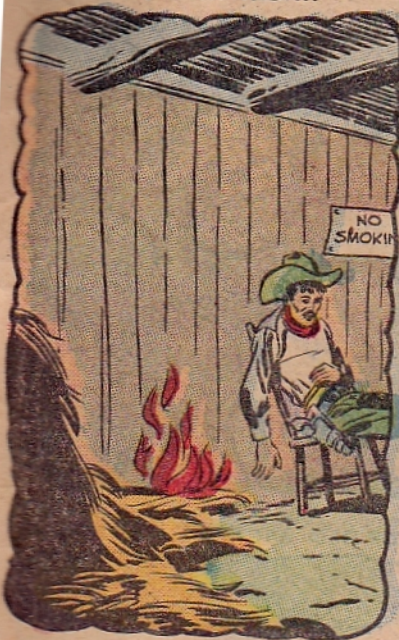


"BUT KRAGG LEARNED JUST HOW SILLY MY NO SMOKING RULE WAS THE HARD WAY..."

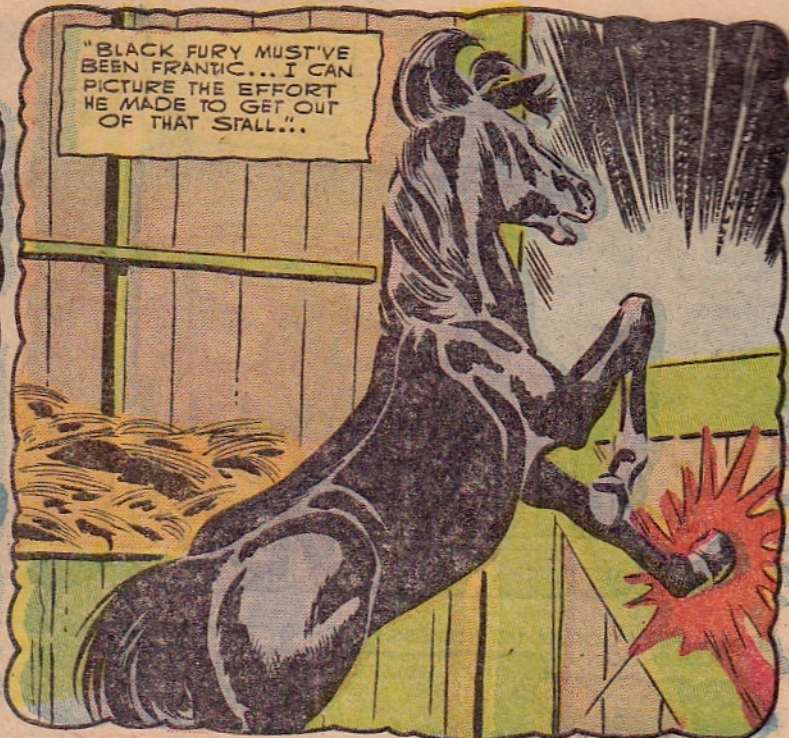


BLACK FURY

"THE LOOSE HAY ON THE FLOOR
SMOLDERED FOR A WHILE... BUT
ONCE IT BURST INTO FLAMES,
IT REALLY WENT FAST..."



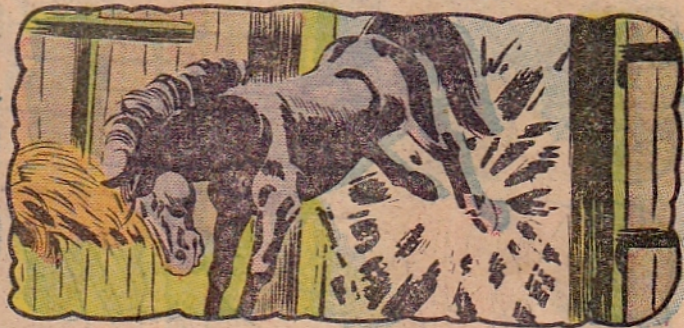
"BLACK FURY MUST'VE
BEEN FRANTIC... I CAN
PICTURE THE EFFORT
HE MADE TO GET OUT
OF THAT STALL..."



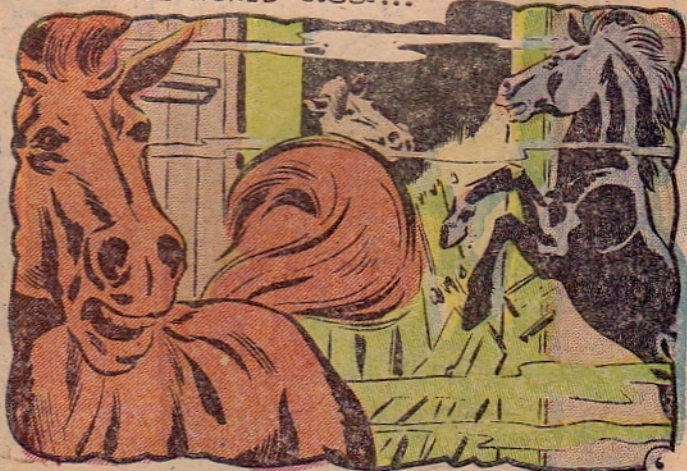
SMOKE...
SMELL
SMOKE...
MUS' BE
CIGARETTE...



"BUT BLACK FURY'S DESPERATE STRENGTH WAS
BOUNDLESS! WE FOUND PARTS OF HIS SPLINTER-
ED STALL IN THE CORRAL LATER..."

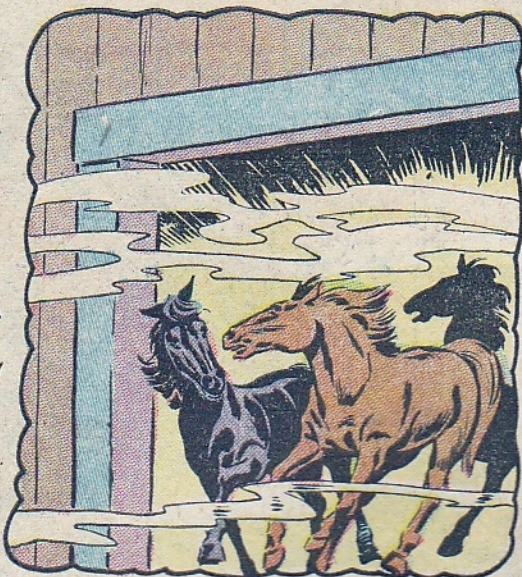


"INSTINCT TOLD HIM TO GET OUT OF THERE FAST, BUT
THE SAME LOYALTY THAT MADE HIM OUR CAPTIVE
KEPT HIM IN THE FLAMING BARN! HE BATTERED DOWN
FIRST ONE AND THEN ANOTHER OF THE STALL DOORS
AS FLAMES LICKED CLOSE..."



BLACK FURY

"THE AVERAGE HORSE IN A FIRE BECOMES SO PANICKED THAT HE OFTEN GOES TOWARD THE FLAMES INSTEAD OF RUNNING FOR SAFETY! BLACK FURY WAS ON THE JOB TO SEE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN THAT NIGHT.."



COUGH!
COUGH!

"BLACK FURY GOT ALL THE HORSES OUT-- BY THAT TIME I WAS OUT OF BED BUT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO..."



HOLD THOSE HORSES!
THEY MIGHT BOLT BACK
INSIDE IF YOU DON'T!

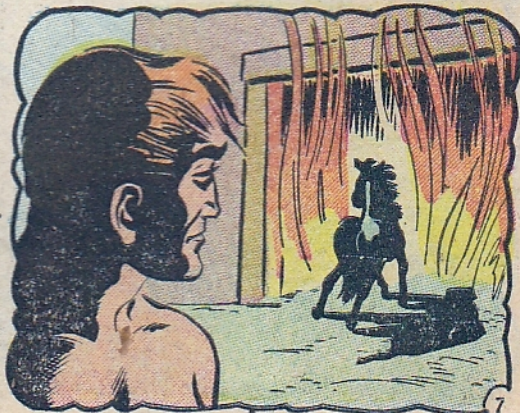


EASY, BOY!
IT'S ALL...
WHUP!



HEAD 'IM OFF! HE'S
PANICKED... HE'LL
DIE IN THERE!

"IT
BROKE
MY HEART
TO SEE
HIM
PLUNGE
BACK
INTO
THE
FLAMES..."



BLACK FURY

UGH!
SMOKE'S ABOUT
GOT ME... **BLACK
FURY...** WHA...

WE'RE BOTH DONE
FOR... CAN'T BREATHE...

THEN, THROUGH A WALL OF FLAME,
WE SAW THE MAGNIFICENT
STALLION... **WALKING** THROUGH
FIRE WITH SLIM KRAGG...

WE'D BETTER LOCK UP
THOSE HORSES, BOSS,
OR THEY'LL RUN OFF!

LET 'EM! THEY'RE ALL **BLACK
FURY'S** NOW! HE EARNED THE
RIGHT TO TAKE THEM BACK TO
THEIR RANGE, THE
HARD WAY!

HE WENT BACK
FOR KRAGG! GIVE
ME A HAND, WILL
YOU...

GOOD LUCK,
BLACK FURY!
MAY YOU
NEVER BE
CAUGHT,
AGAIN!

"OTHERS HAVE TRIED... BUT **BLACK FURY** ALWAYS
GETS AWAY... AND HIS BAND HAS NEVER
BEEN CAPTURED SINCE THEN EITHER..."

HE'S TOO
SLICK FOR
US, BILL...
WE MAY AS
WELL GIVE
UP!

THE
END

BLACK FURY

"POWERSMOKE
PAYOFF"



HIS HORSE SHOT OUT
FROM UNDER HIM... AFOOT
ON THE SAVAGE PRAIRIE
AND STALKED BY A GANG
OF GREEDY OUTLAW'S.
BART WADE OF THE
PONY EXPRESS, FACES
LONG ODDS AND A

"POWERSMOKE
PAYOFF"

HERE COMES
THE PONY
EXPRESS
NOW!

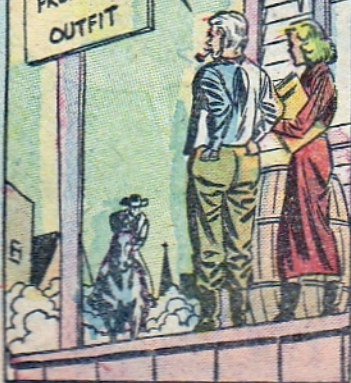
IT'S BART
WADE, PA!
I'M GLAD YOU'VE
GOT THE LITTLE
MARE FOR HIM!
IT'S HIS FAVORITE
REMOUNT!

HI, JEFF... MISS HELEN!
SAW THAT WILD BLACK
STALLION FOLKS
CALL "BLACK FURY"
ON THE RANGE!
HE SURE
IS A
BEAUTY!

WISH YOU
WERE
MOUNTED
ON HIM,
THIS RUN,
BART! HE'D
SURE GET
YOU THROUGH
WITH THIS
HERE
ENVELOPE!

IT'S MY BID FOR THE WELLS
FARGO FREIGHTIN' BUSINESS
FOR LARRIBEE CITY! I'D LIKE
FOR YOU TO GIVE IT TO THE
AGENT THERE, CASS
SATTERLEE! IF THEY DON'T
RENEW, I'M BROKE! BOUGHT
A LOT OF NEW EQUIPMENT
AND HOSSES... SORTA COUNTIN'
ON IT! GUESS I SHOULDN'T
WORRY THOUGH! AIN'T NO-
BODY BUT ME FREIGHTIN'
IN THESE HERE PARTS!

JEFF CABO
FREIGHTING
OUTFIT



BLACK FURY



THIS LITTLE MARE WILL TAKE ME THROUGH, JEFF! DON'T WORRY!

ADIOS!

GOOD LUCK, BART!

MEANWHILE, OTHER EARS HAVE HEARD THE CONVERSATION...THOSE OF ACE TORRENT, CACTUS SPRINGS GAMBLER, WHOSE AMBITION GOES BEYOND A DECK OF CROOKED CARDS AND A PAIR OF LOADED DICE!

SNAKE, TAKE A COUPLE OF MEN AND RIDE THE SHORTCUT THROUGH THE GULCH TO GET AHEAD OF WADE. I WANT HIM STOPPED SO WE CAN GET JEFF CABOT'S FREIGHTIN' BID!

WHAT'S THE DEAL, ACE?

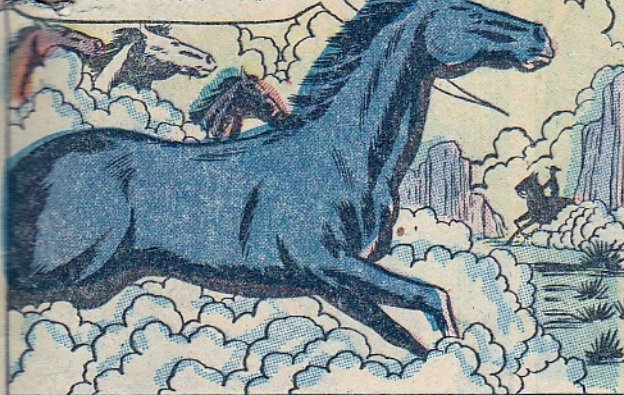


IT'S A JACKPOT DEAL, SNAKE! I'VE GOT IT FIXED WITH THE WELLS-FARGO FREIGHTIN' AGENT, SATTERLEE, TO HAND ME THE FREIGHTIN' CONTRACT! THAT WILL PUT OLD JEFF OUT OF BUSINESS! THEN I BUY HIS EQUIPMENT FOR NEXT TO NOTHIN' AND JUMP THE RATES SKY-HIGH! WE'LL BE THE ONLY FREIGHTIN' OUTFIT WITHIN 400 MILES... THEY'LL HAVE TO USE US! IT'S A GOLD-MINE, AMIGO! GET GOIN'!

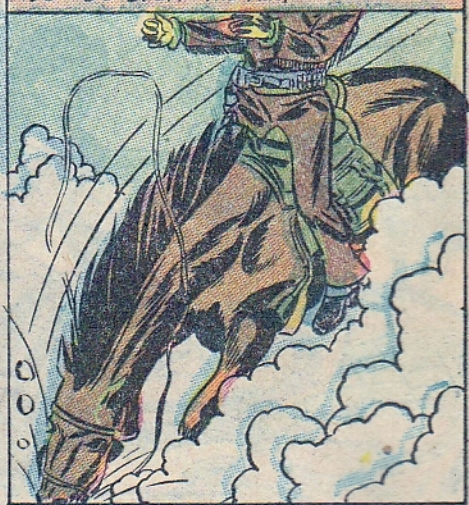


WHILE ACE'S MEN TOOK THE GULCH SHORTCUT, BART WADE WAS SLAMMING ALONG THE PRAIRIE TRAIL TO LAR-RIBBEE, ALERT FOR HOSTILE INDIAN SIGNS...

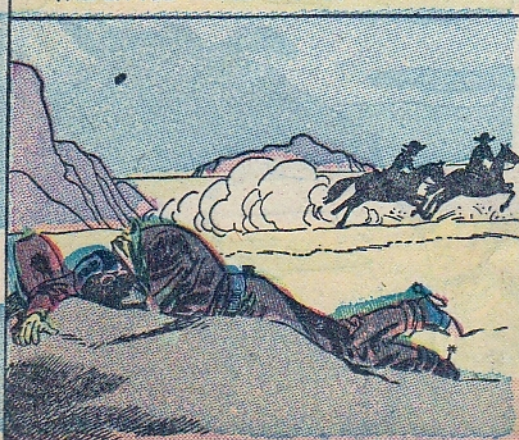
THERE'S THAT GRAND WILD STALLION AGAIN! WHAT A MOUNT HE'D MAKE!



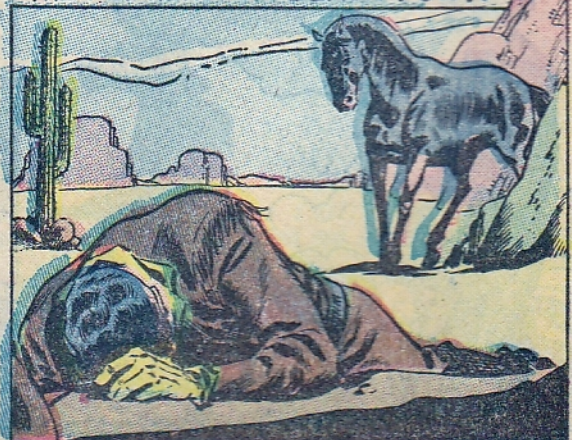
SUDDENLY THE VICIOUS CRACK OF A .30-.30 SPLIT THE AIR!



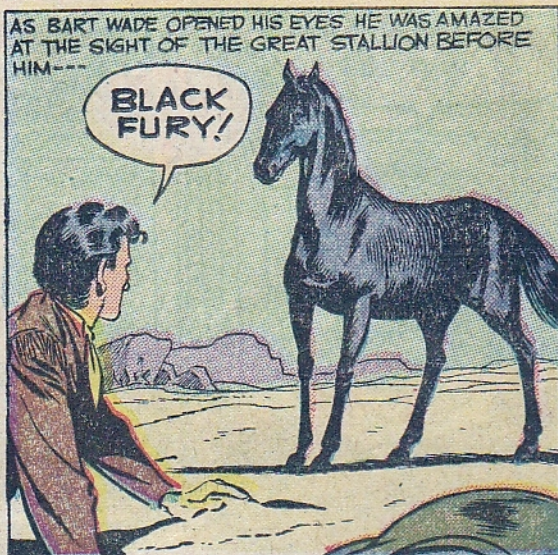
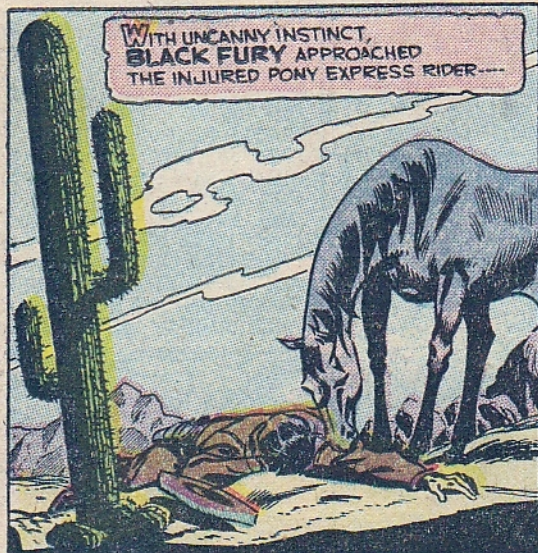
ACE TORRENT'S MEN RODE AWAY, THEIR EVIL WORK DONE! BART WADE LAY UNCONSCIOUS IN THE DESERT SAND--- THE LITTLE MARE LAME!



THEN FROM AMONG THE ROCKS THERE STROLLED A SILENT WITNESS TO THE INCIDENT..... THE MAGNIFICENT STALLION THAT REIGNED AS KING OF THE WILD HORSES---**BLACK FURY!**

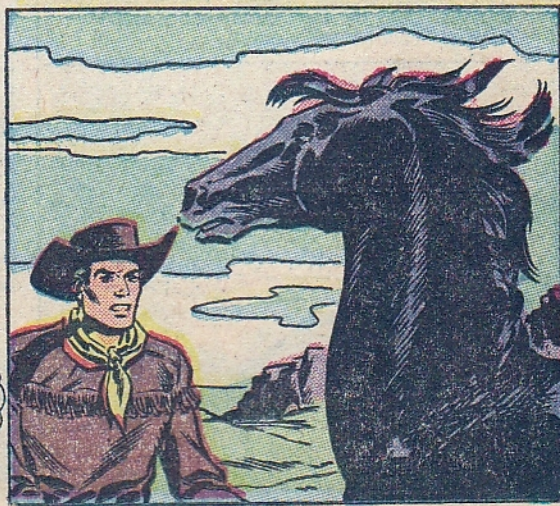
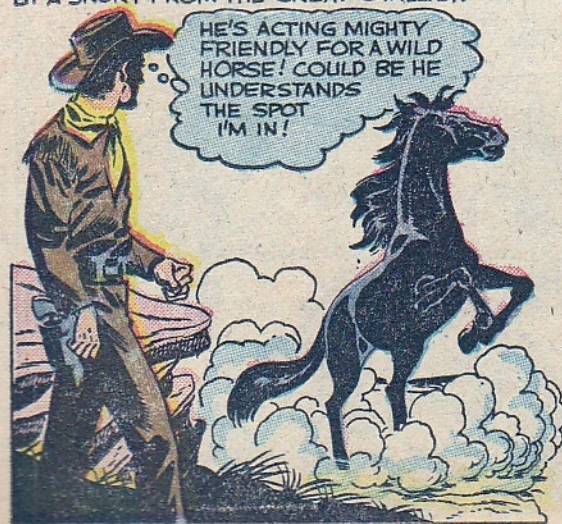


BLACK FURY

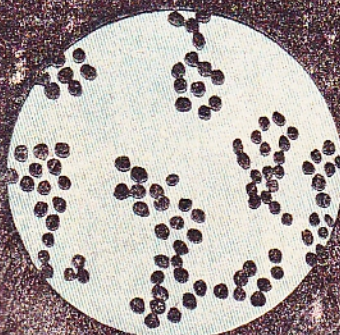


BART WADE'S THOUGHTS WERE INTERRUPTED BY A SNORT FROM THE GREAT STALLION----

SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY BART APPROACHED **BLACK FURY!**



KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS



Staphylococcus albus



Corynebacterium acnes



Pityrosporum ovale

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all* 3 types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our **GUARANTEE**. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only \$2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending \$2 with order. **ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. SEND COUPON TODAY!**

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DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BLACK FURY



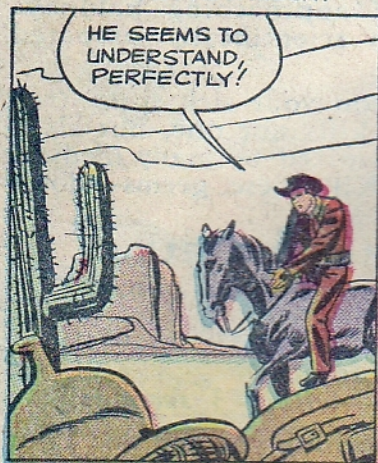
WHOA, BOY!

GENTLY BART WADE STROKED THE NECK OF THE GIANT STALLION KNOWING THAT **BLACK FURY** COULD BOLT FOR FREEDOM AT ANY INSTANT! THEN HE LEAPED UPON HIS BACK!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! **BLACK FURY** WANTS TO HELP ME-- OR HE WOULD THROW ME SKY HIGH!

WITH THE IMPROVISED HALTER, WADE RODE **BLACK FURY** SLOWLY, ABOUT TO TEST THE GREAT HORSE AS A MOUNT---



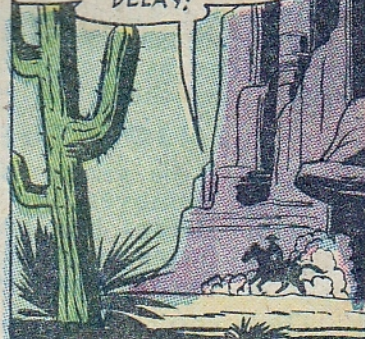
HE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND, PERFECTLY!

I'LL CHANGE THE SADDLE TO YOUR BACK AND WE'LL BE OFF, FELLER... OFF FOR LARRIBEE CITY!



IT TOOK ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO MAKE THE CHANGE AND BART WADE WAS OFF WITH THE MAILED JEFF CABOT'S FREIGHTING BID, ONCE MORE...

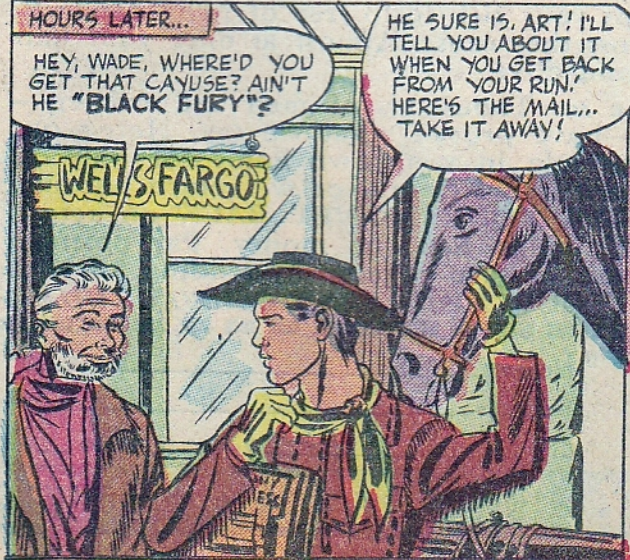
WHAT A STRIDE! **BLACK FURY**, WE'LL HIT LARRIBEE ON TIME, EVEN WITH THAT DELAY!



HOURS LATER...

HEY, WADE, WHERE'D YOU GET THAT CAYUSE? AIN'T HE **"BLACK FURY"**?

HE SURE IS, ART! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT WHEN YOU GET BACK FROM YOUR RUN! HERE'S THE MAIL... TAKE IT AWAY!



WHY WADE... I DIDN'T EXPECT... ER... I MEAN, I SEE YOU MADE IT ON TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT, SATTERLEE! AND I'VE GOT JEFF CABOT'S BID WITH ME! HERE IT IS!



BLACK FURY

WHILE WADE GROOMED THE GREAT WILD STALLION, THE AGENT, CASS SATTERLEE WENT INTO ACTION!

ACE TORRENT PROMISED THIS BID WOULDN'T COME THROUGH! WELL THEY CAN'T PROVE I GOT IT IF IT'S DESTROYED!

JAKE! JAKE!



YEAH! WHAT'S UP, BOSS?

SADDLE ME THE FASTEST HORSE YOU'VE GOT! AND IF WADE WANTS A HORSE FOR ANY REASON, TELL HIM THERE ARE NONE AVAILABLE!

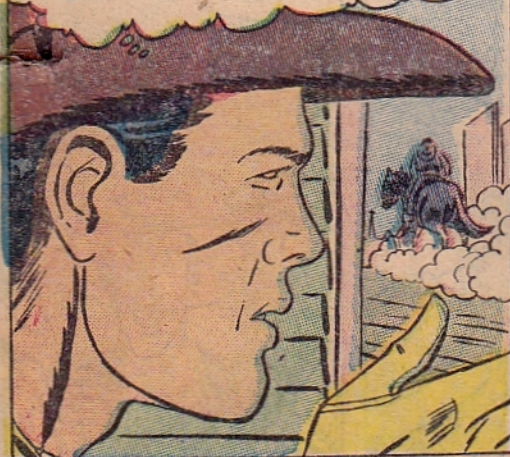


MOMENTS LATER

YAWN! AH, NOW FOR SOME SHUT-EYE!



HMMMM, WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO SEND SATTERLEE SO ALL-FIRED SUDDEN UP THE CACTUS SPRINGS TRAIL! WELL, IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS!



BUT A VAGRANT WIND BLEW THE ASHES AND A SMALL UNBURNED BIT OF JEFF CABOT'S FREIGHTING BID TOWARD WADE'S BOOTS...AND IN THAT INSTANT, SATTERLEE'S DASH UP THE CACTUS SPRINGS TRAIL BECAME WADE'S BUSINESS!

WHY, THAT'S OL' JEFF'S SIGNATURE! IT MUST BE HIS BID... AND IT'S BURNT! THIS IS BEGINNING TO FORM A PATTERN! THOSE MEN WHO THREW DOWN ON ME ON THE TRAIL WEREN'T JUST MAIL ROBBERS... THEY WERE OUT TO STOP THIS BID! AND SATTERLEE MUST BE IN ON IT! I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

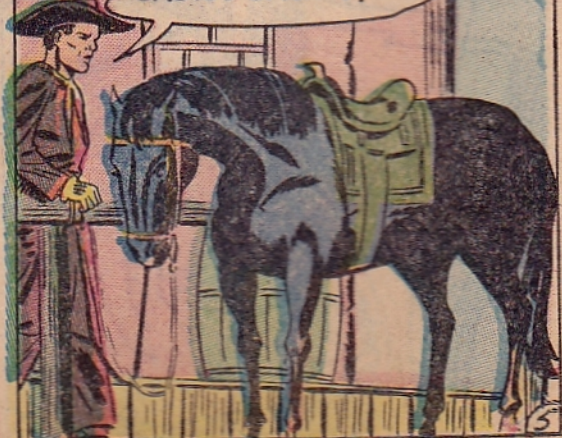


JAKE, I WANT A FAST HORSE!

SORRY, WADE! AIN'T GOT A CAYUSE IN THE BARN THAT AIN'T STOVE UP!



WELL, YOU BLACK DEMON, I HATE TO DO THIS AFTER THE LONG RIDE UP HERE, BUT YOU'RE GOIN' TO HAVE TO PROVE YOUR METTLE. YOU'RE CARRYING ME BACK TO CACTUS SPRINGS!

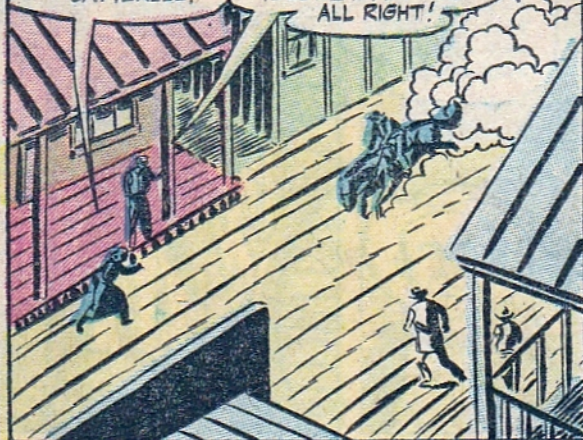


BLACK FURY

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER A FURIOUS RIDE, SATTERLEE ENTERED CACTUS SPRINGS...

PA, IT'S THE AGENT SATTERLEE!

RECKON HE'S COME TO TELL ME MY BID WAS ALL RIGHT!



WELL, SATTERLEE, WHEN DO YOU WANT YOUR FIRST LOAD FREIGHTED AN' WHERE TO?

SORRY, CABOT, YOU DON'T GET THE FREIGHTING CONTRACT! ACE TORRENT HERE WAS LOW BIDDER!



BUT...BUT ACE AIN'T NO FREIGHTER! HE HASN'T EVEN GOT ANY EQUIPMENT!

BUT I WILL HAVE, JEFF, YOU'RE GOIN' TO SELL ME YOURS...AND AT MY PRICE, BECAUSE YOU'RE BROKE, AND WITHOUT THE WELLS-FARGO CONTRACT YOUR EQUIPMENT ISN'T OF ANY USE TO YOU!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND..!

WAIT, PA! DON'T YOU SEE...THIS IS A COOKED UP DEAL! MR. SATTERLEE, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT ACE TORRENT'S BID WAS!

YOU TALK OF ETHICS! I DEMAND TO KNOW!

HA, HA! GO AHEAD, SATTERLEE... TELL THEM... TELL THEM!

BUT ACE... I... ALL RIGHT! ACE TORRENT BID WAS \$5 A POUND!

I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT, MISS, IT'S NOT ETHICAL!



FIVE DOLLARS! BUT MY LOW BID WAS ONLY \$1 A POUND!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHAT IT WAS, IF IT NEVER GOT THERE! HA! HA! HA!

AS A MATTER OF FACT IT ALMOST DIDN'T GET THERE! BUT HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THAT, ACE... UNLESS YOU WERE THE HOMBRE THAT SET THOSE MEN ON ME?

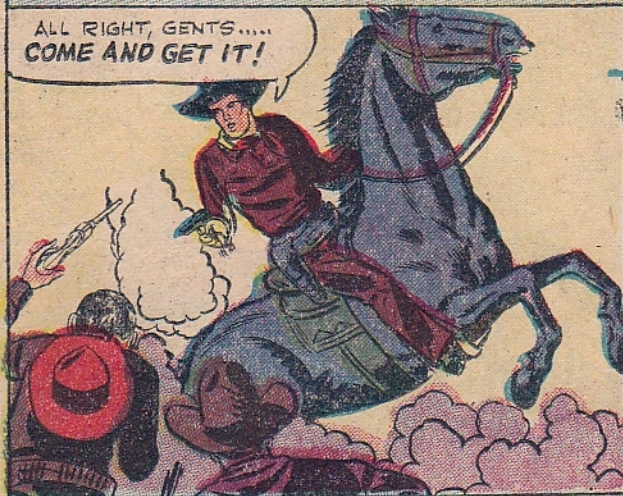
WADE! GET HIM MEN... SHUT HIS MOUTH ---!



BLACK FURY

IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE STREET WAS FILLED WITH ANGRY SHOUTS AND THUNDERING HOOFEATS!

ALL RIGHT, GENTS.....
COME AND GET IT!



HE'S DYNAMITE!
I'M GETTIN' OUT
WHILE MY
SKINS
WHOLE!

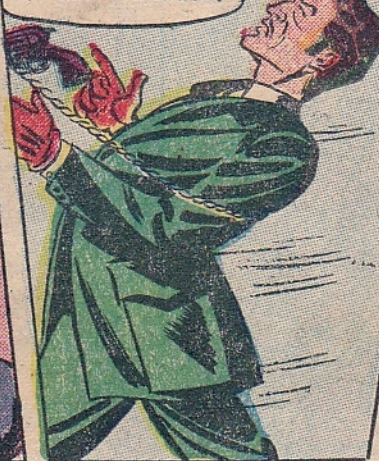
ACE
IS VAM-
POOSING,
WADE!



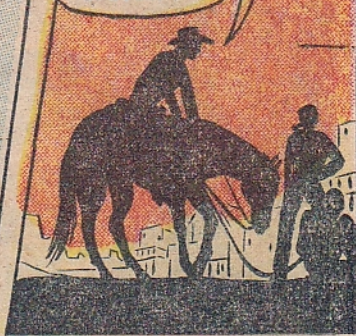
I'LL GET YUH,
WADE... !!

YOU'VE GOT
TO HIT ME
FIRST, ACE,
FOR THAT
LEAD YOU'RE
SPRAYIN' TO
DO ANY GOOD,
YOU
RATTLER!

I'M NOT GOIN' TO SHOOT YOU,
ACE... LEAD'S TOO CLEAN FOR
MEN LIKE YOU! I'M GOING
TO SEE YOU HANG!



JEFF BETTER GET ONE OF
YOUR WRANGLERS TO TIE THIS
COYOTE UP FOR THE SHERIFF!
RECKON HE'LL HANG ALL RIGHT
FOR TAMPERIN' WITH THE
MAILS, CAUSIN' ALL THAT
TROUBLE AND BEING BEHIND THE
CRIPPLIN' OF AS SWEET A
MARE AS I EVER
SADDLED!



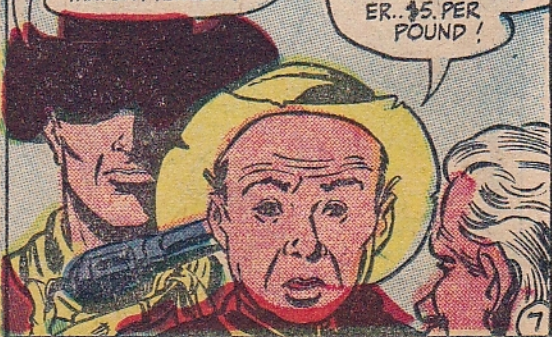
NOW, WE COME TO YOU, MR.
SATTERLEE! I RECKON JEFF'S
BID GOT BURNT ACCIDENTAL-
LIKE! AIN'T THAT SO?

YES... I.. OF
COURSE...
I DIDN'T
MEAN...!

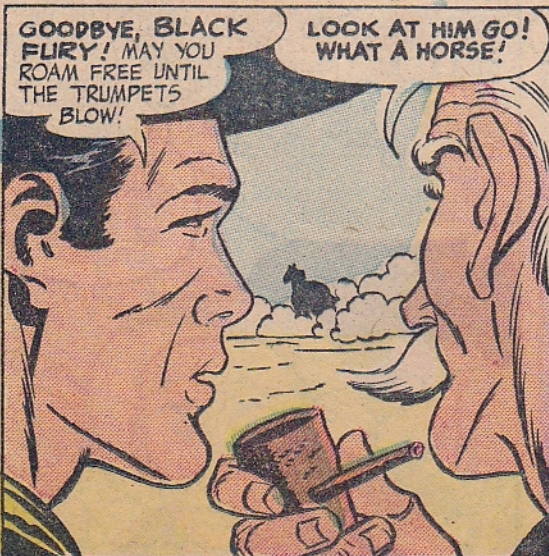


GOOD! AND SEEN' AS HOW ACE
WAS GOIN' TO GET THE FREIGHTIN'
ON A \$5 BID, I RECKON YOU'LL BE
HAPPY TO GIVE THE CONTRACT
TO JEFF AT THAT SAME
FIGURE, SINCE HE'S THE
ONLY BIDDER LEFT! ER...
DON'T LET MY GUNS
INFLUENCE YOU, NONE,
MR. SATTERLEE!

...OH, ER
NO INDEED,
...MR.
WADE! AS
YOU SUGGEST,
JEFF CABOT
IS AWARDED
THE FREIGHTING
CONTRACT ON
THE LOW BID OF,
ER... \$5 PER
POUND!



BLACK FURY





APACHE FRONTIER

A True Western Feature



THE stagecoach, drawn by four horses, careened down the ribbon road that twisted across the desert. Clouds of dust streamed into the air behind the stage, but the dust did not obscure the lithe riders that were bearing down on the stage. Apache warriors!

Plying his whip with desperation, the driver glanced over his shoulder. The heavy rifle in the stage guard's hands boomed! A feathered brave toppled into the dust. But the others came on.

"It's no use, Jim!" the driver shouted. "We're goners..."

His words trailed off. The heavy reins fell from suddenly lifeless hands as he pitched over the side, a bullet in his chest! The guard tried to grab the reins, seeing the Apaches swarming in from all sides, hearing their shrill whoops. He fired one last desperate shot before a bullet struck.

Soon all was quiet on the desert. The dust settled slowly, peacefully, but the smoke from the burning stage rose in thin spirals. Once again the followers of Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahuas Apaches, had been victorious!

The big man sat at his desk, his fingers drumming on the desk top, a frown between his blue eyes. He ran his hands up his red beard and through his bright red, bushy hair. He turned and spoke to the man who sat intently watching him.

"I'm going to see Cochise!"

The other gasped, his eyes widening. "You're crazy Tom Jeffords! You go into that Indian's camp and he'll have your scalp hanging from his belt within five minutes!"

Tom Jeffords grunted. "Maybe. Maybe not. I must try it!" He pounded the table. "Do you realize that Cochise's warriors are killing off our drivers and guards faster than we can get them? If I can't persuade Cochise to stop this carnage there won't be any more mail service between Bowie and Tucson."

Jeffords' friend knew there was no use arguing with the adamant mail superintendent. And if anyone could reach Cochise, Jeffords was the man, for the redman trusted him.

As he rode, alone, toward the dark bulk of

the Graham Mountains, where he knew the powerful Apache Chief had his summer camp, Jeffords felt unsure; perhaps, he felt some fear. No white man had ever dared go into Cochise's country before.

The day was quiet and beautiful, he thought. Then he squinted his eyes against the sun. There in the blue distance spirals of smoke moved lazily upward. Apache smoke signals! They had discovered that a white man rode, alone, into Apache country!

Unhesitating and unhurried, he went on, passing from the desert into low foothills that were covered with scrubby pine and cedar. He could not turn back. He must make peace with Cochise so that the Arizona Territory could keep its young men alive, so that the frontier country could grow.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, an Indian scout stepped out to block Jeffords' passage. The brave's dark face was sullen as he pointed a new rifle at the white man.

"Where do you ride, Red Whiskers?" he asked in Spanish.

To the camp of your great Chief, Cochise," Jeffords answered slowly, without fear. "I come to smoke the pipe of peace."

"I know of you," the scout replied. "But many white men have talked of peace with crooked tongues."

"Have I ever lied to you?" Jeffords demanded.

The Indian shook his head. "I will signal the next guard to let Red Whiskers pass unharmed."

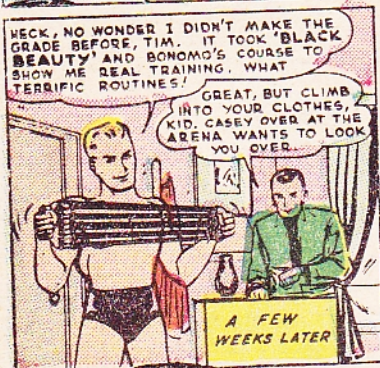
Tom Jeffords rode on, and ahead of him the smoke signals spiraled upward, warning the Indian scouts and Cochise.

Jeffords felt his hair, pushing back his big sombrero. He grinned, and spoke aloud. "If I get out of this alive, I must have the luck of forty Irishmen."

Toward nightfall, in the high, timbered country, he entered Cochise's encampment. It was an orderly camp. And none of the braves, old men, women and children showed surprise. The smoke signals had told them that Red Whiskers was coming.

Jeffords dismounted unhurriedly and handed his rifle, pistol and knife to an old squaw whose dark eyes were filled with hatred. He

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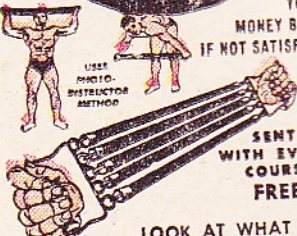
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walked toward the largest tepee in the center of the camp, and out of the corner of his eyes, he saw the braves finger the knives they wore.

As he stooped to enter the low flap of the tepee, he felt a tremor of fear. Cochise sat, cross-legged, near a small fire. He did not look up as the white man entered. Jeffords had met the Chief and talked with him before, but Cochise had been on white man's territory.

He sat down, and silently, studied the dark, intelligent face without appearing to do so. He was remembering that not long ago Cochise had been friendly with the white invaders. This was before 1860 when Cochise's tribesmen hauled wood for the Overland Stage Company and had grown to like and trust Captain Jeffords.

Then it happened! A greenhorn Army Lieutenant arrested Cochise and four of his followers for a crime they did not commit.

"Turn Cochise loose or we will have all the Indians on the warpath," Jeffords had begged the Army officer.

The Lieutenant refused. Later, Cochise managed to escape and took with him two prospectors to trade to the Army for his four men. The officer would not trade. The Indian Agent was to talk to Cochise and was held prisoner. In trying to escape the Agent was killed. And in a fit of rage, the Army officer hanged the four Indians. Cochise hanged the two prospectors and the Indian war was on!

"Never again will the Apaches try to live in peace with the white man," the Apache Chief vowed with terrible anger.

A sigh of despair almost escaped Jeffords, now. Slowly, he spoke. "I come to talk of peace, Cochise."

Silently, Cochise passed the long peace pipe to the white man. A half-smile moved his tight pressed lips.

"You are a brave man and a foolish one to come here," he said in Spanish.

"I had hoped you would remember that I speak with a straight tongue—that I have wanted to keep peace." He puffed the pipe. "Now, I speak for myself, though it is selfish. I want to run my mails in peace."

Cochise said nothing for a long time. When a squaw came in, he told her to bring food and drink. Then the white man and the redman ate and drank together as they talked. Once again Jeffords was amazed at the vast knowledge and wisdom of the Indian leader. Had he been born of different skin, he would have been a great leader in our country.

At last Cochise spoke the words that brought joy into Jeffords' eyes. "You have my promise that never again will my braves harm your stagecoaches."

ships in the old West. In the years that followed, Jeffords often visited Cochise. And in time, the white man became the blood-brother of the Indian Chief. It was an honor that few white men achieved.

All across Arizona Territory, the Apaches killed and raided. But Jeffords' stages went through, unharmed. One day a high-ranking Army official came to see Jeffords.

"You must help us," the officer begged. "If we don't stop Cochise, soon Arizona will have no people left—except these redskins! You're a friend of Cochise. Help us take him captive. Maybe we can force him to stop this stupid war."

Jeffords paled with anger. "Cochise is your enemy because of the stupidity of one officer! Do you think I would help you make another stupid mistake?"

He talked to Cochise about it, and he watched the deep sadness on the dark face, and heard the sadness in his voice.

"The Apaches have lost against the invasion of the white man," Cochise murmured. "But my people would rather die than become slaves of the white race."

The Indian wars raged on. Jeffords knew that the Army officer was right—that soon there would be no whites left in Arizona Territory. He must do something! But he would not betray Cochise.

It was Jeffords, finally, who brought about peace between the white men and the Chiricahuas Apaches. He took General Howard, alone, and unarmed, to talk peace. Cochise and his tribe agreed to settle on a reservation provided that Jeffords was appointed Indian Agent.

Jeffords accepted the job because it would be the one sure way in seeing that the Indians were treated fairly. Peace reigned for a time. Other Apache Chiefs made futile wars later, but Cochise and his tribe kept their word.

In later years, Cochise was afflicted with a strange disease that baffled doctors. One night he sent for his friend and bloodbrother, Tom Jeffords.

"I am going to die, my friend," he said. "I do not regret it, except for my people. Promise me that you will look after them."

He sent to the nearest Army post for a doctor, but it was too late—Cochise died at sunrise the next day.

Somewhere on the western slopes of his stronghold in the Chiricahuas, Cochise was buried in an unmarked grave. No white man, except Jeffords, ever knew the site of the grave. And he never would tell anyone. His friend must rest in the peace that only death could bring.

Thus was begun one of the strangest friend-

THE END

LITTLE COW GAL

in "STAMPEDE AT HORSESHOE CANYON!"

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE THAT HERD GOES OVER THIS CLIFF! I HAVE TO TURN THEM BACK SOMEHOW -- BUT FAST!

THE POUNDING HOOF OF A MADDENED HERD FILLS THE AIR WITH A THUNDEROUS BEAT! ONE PERSON ALONE STANDS BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR DESTRUCTION! **LITTLE COW GAL**... FEARLESS, RESOURCEFUL CHAMPION FOR RIGHT... HER BLAZING GUNS AND QUICK BRAIN HER ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST THE--

"STAMPEDE AT HORSESHOE CANYON!"

ON A WARM, SPRING AFTERNOON, THE PEACEFUL CALM OF A WESTERN RANGE IS PIERCED BY THE SHARP WHINE OF A SPEEDING BULLET...

OH-H-H!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL PRETTY FANCY SHOOTIN'! PICKED HIM OFF AS SLICK AS A WHISTLE, TOO!

BLACK FURY

SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK, THE SMUG AMBUSER GALLOPS OFF...

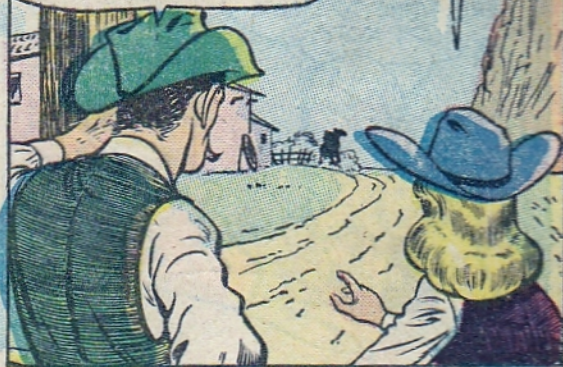
LET'S GO, BOY!
THE BOSS IS
GONNA BE MIGHTY
PLEASED TO HEAR
THE GOOD NEWS!



LATER THAT SAME AFTERNOON AT THE MASON RANCH, THE BAR M...

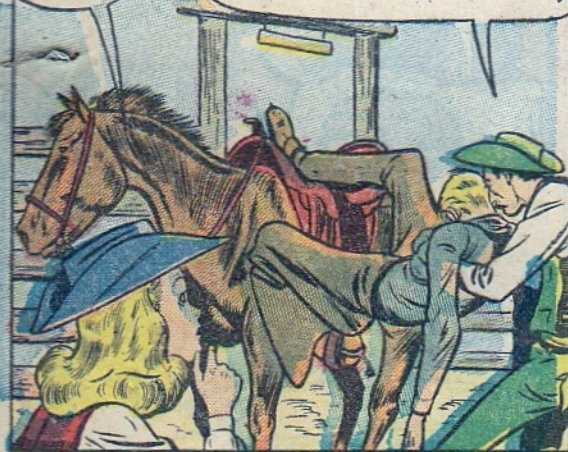
A RIDER COMING THIS
WAY! CAN'T MAKE HIM
OUT TOO WELL FROM
HERE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE...

IT'S DAD--AND
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
C'MON, CHARLIE!



DAD...
DAD!

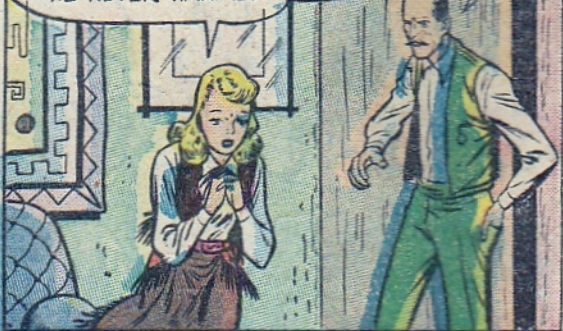
I'LL GET HIM INTO THE HOUSE! YOU
FETCH DOC HAWKINS! TELL HIM IT'S
A MATTER OF... LIFE OR DEATH!



WHILE THE DOCTOR WORKS OVER THE STRICKEN
MAN, LITTLE COW GAL AND CHARLIE KEEP AN
ANXIOUS VIGIL OUTSIDE HIS ROOM...

W-WHY WOULD ANYONE SHOOT
DAD? HE'S BEEN A GOOD FRIEND
TO EVERY MAN IN THE VALLEY!
HE NEVER HARMED--

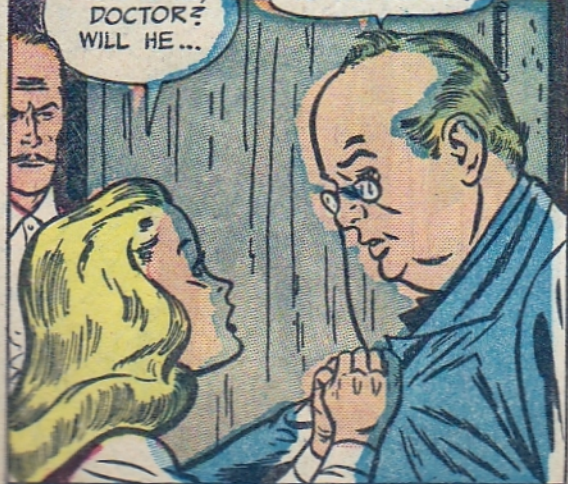
TAKE IT
EASY NOW,
GAL!



THEN...

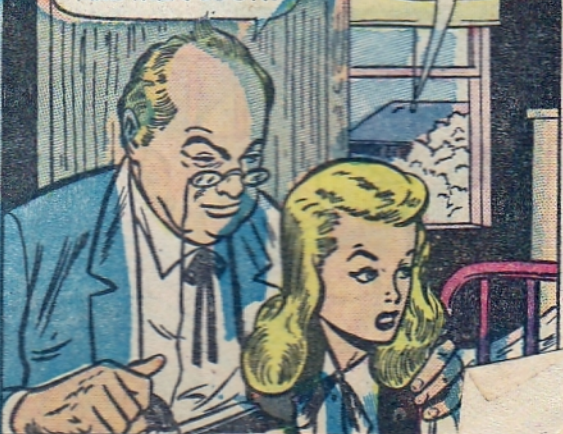
HOW IS HE,
DOCTOR?
WILL HE...

HE'LL LIVE... BUT THAT
BULLET CAME MIGHTY CLOSE
TO HIS HEART!

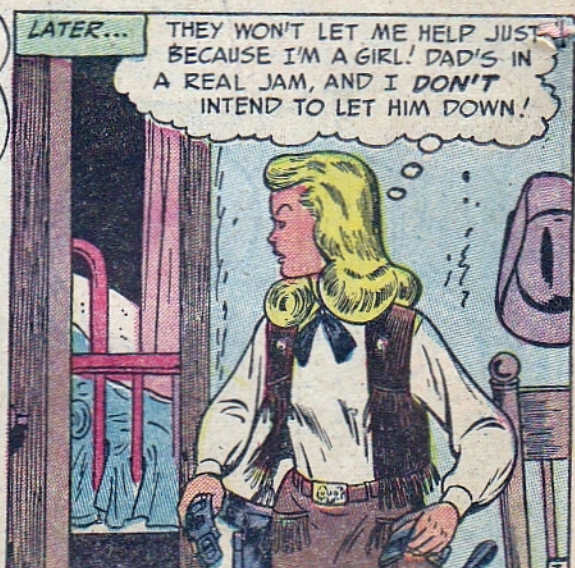
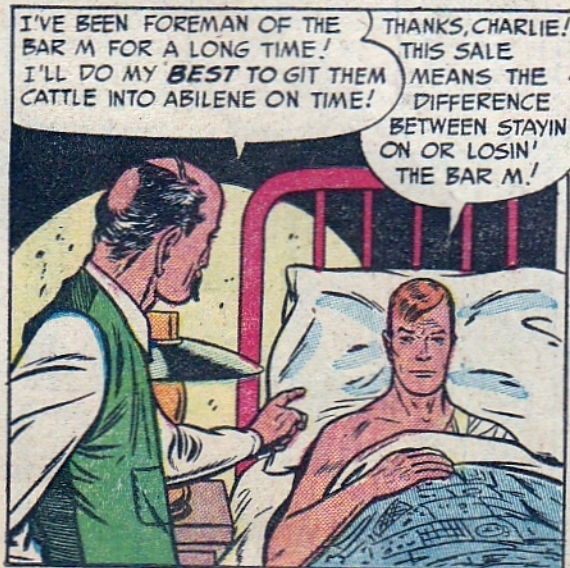
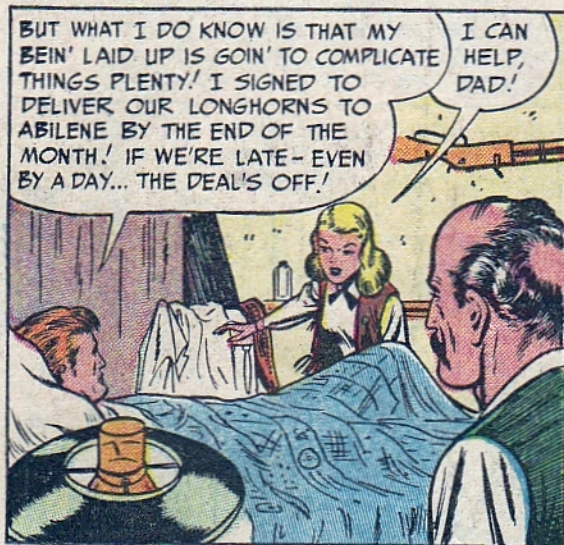
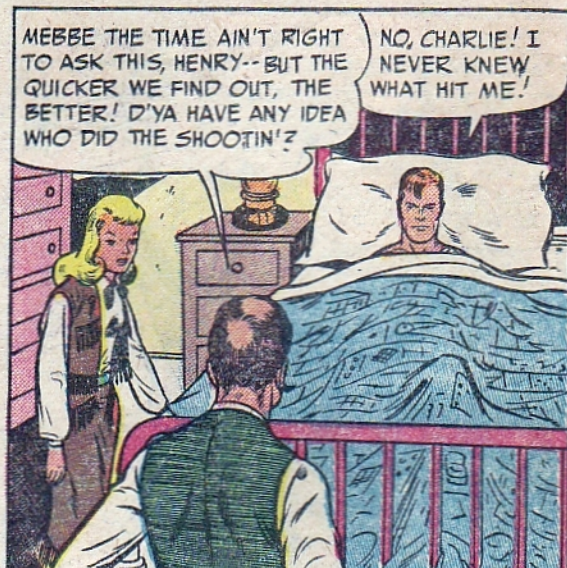
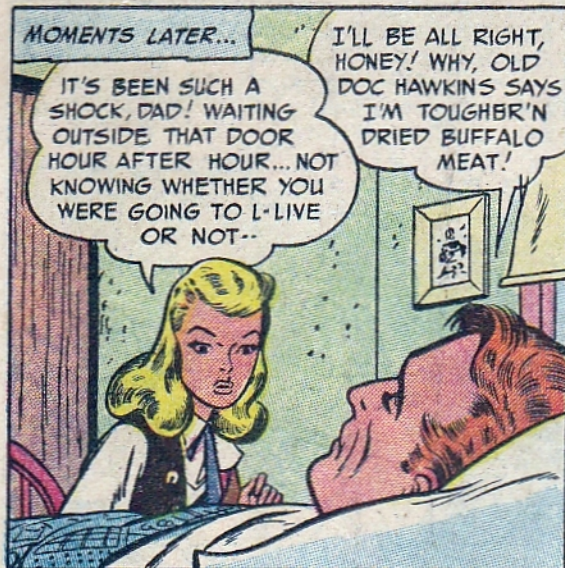


YOU CAN GO IN NOW FOR A
FEW MINUTES-- HE'S BEEN
ASKING FOR YOU! I'LL STOP
BY IN THE MORNING FOR
ANOTHER LOOK!

T-THANKS,
DOCTOR...
FOR
EVERYTHING!



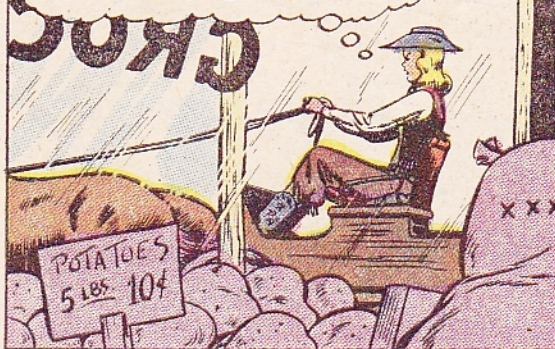
BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY

THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN LITTLE COW GAL MAKES A TRIP TO TOWN...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A RAW DEAL! ALL THE COWHANDS LEAVE FOR THE ROUNDUP, WHILE I'M GIVEN THE CHORE OF BUYIN' STAPLES! A LOT OF HELP I AM TO DAD!



CAUTIOUSLY, SHE EDGES FORWARD AND...

YOU KNOW HOW THE BOSS FEELS ABOUT THIS! HE'S OUT TO STOP THAT HERD NO MATTER WHAT!

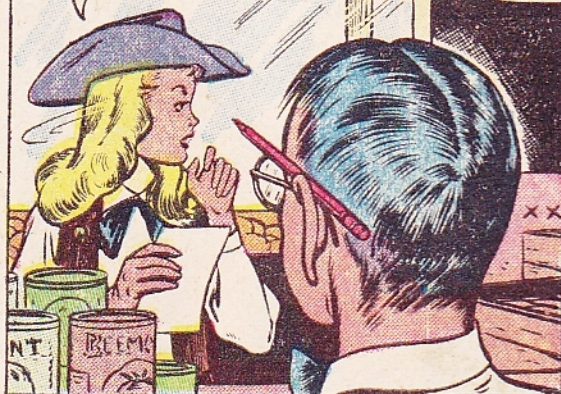
YOU'RE NOT TELLIN' ME ANYTHIN' I DON'T ALREADY KNOW! WHAT'S THE NEW PITCH?



LET'S SEE... POTATOES, TWO SACKS OF -- HUH?

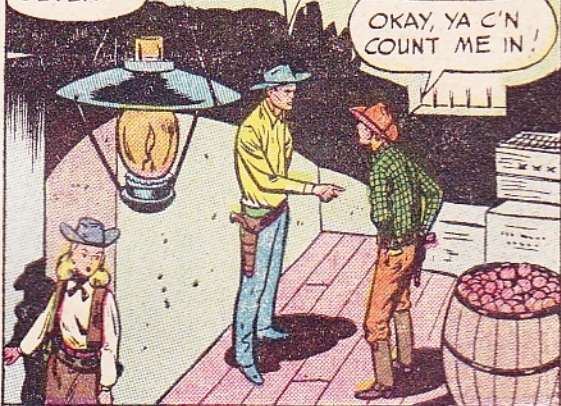
DID YA HEAR THE NEWS? MASON'S HERD IS MOVING OUT TONIGHT!

IT IS?

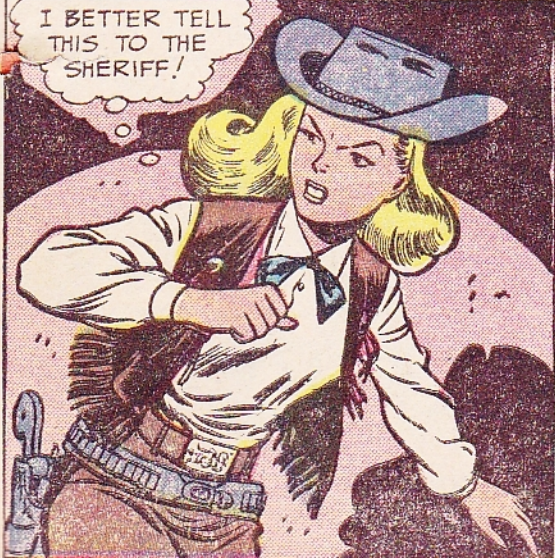


KANTRILL WANTS ALL THE BOYS TO MEET AT THE SHACK DOWN BY SKULL CREEK! HE'S GOT SOME PLAN COOKIN' BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT! ANYWAY GET THERE AROUND SEVEN!

OKAY, YA C'N COUNT ME IN!



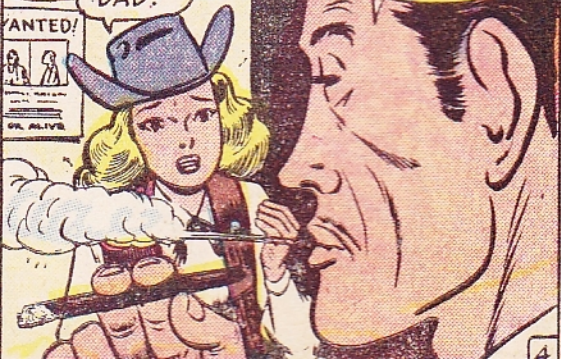
I BETTER TELL THIS TO THE SHERIFF!



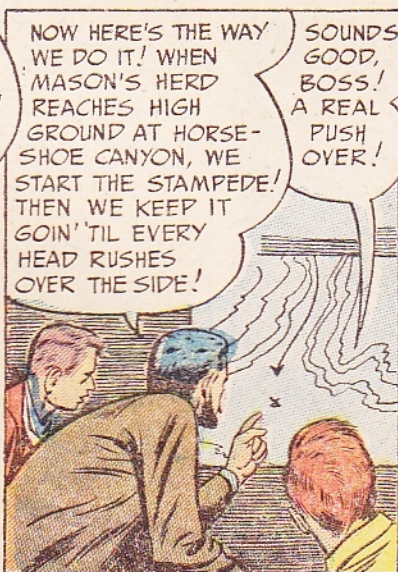
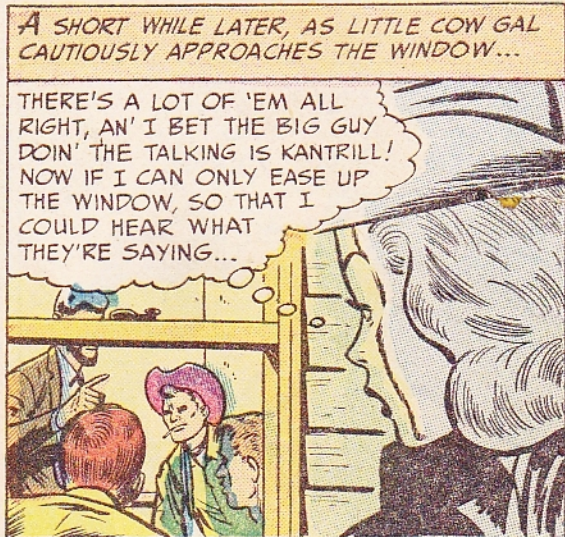
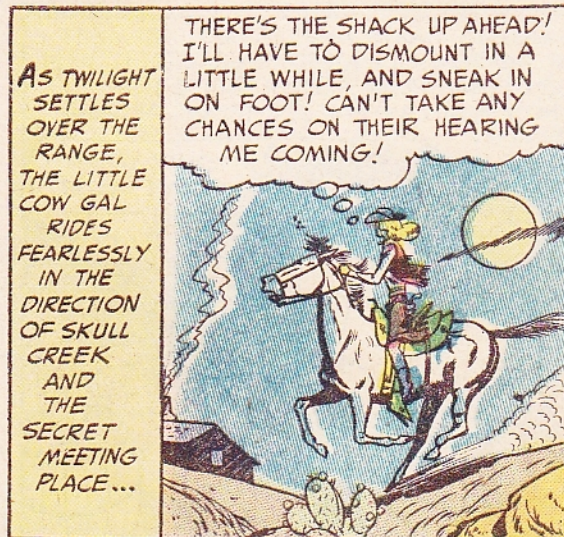
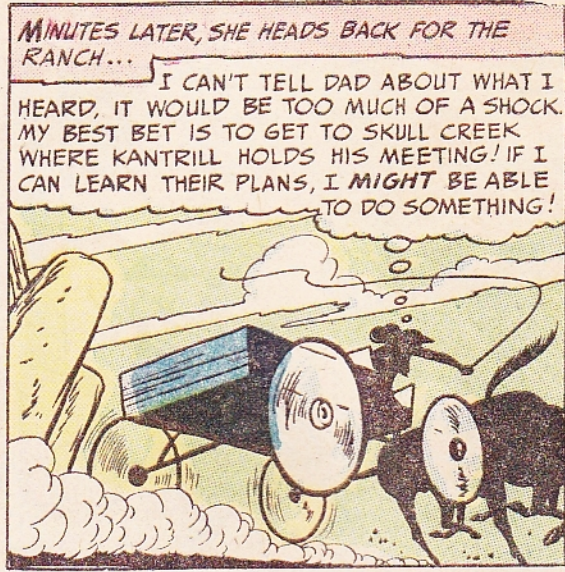
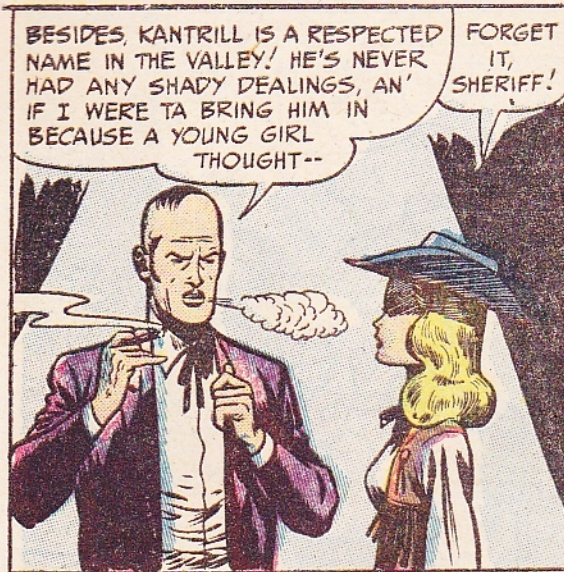
AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

DON'T YOU SEE, SHERIFF, THIS MAN KANTRILL IS AFTER MY FATHER'S HERD! HE'S PROBABLY THE ONE WHO SHOT DAD!

THAT'S A PRETTY SERIOUS CHARGE! WHERE'S YOUR PROOF? I CAN'T ACT JEST ON YOUR HUNCH, GAL!

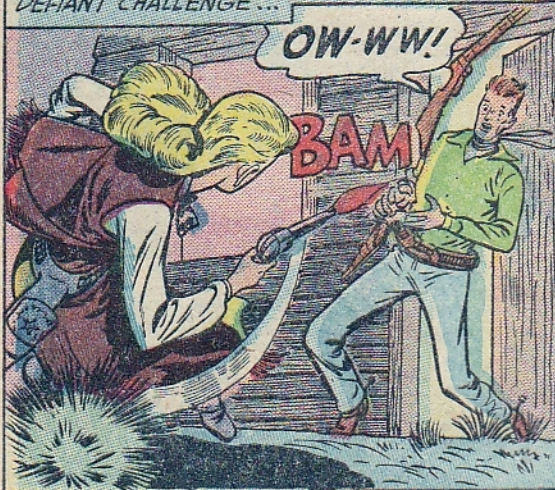


BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY

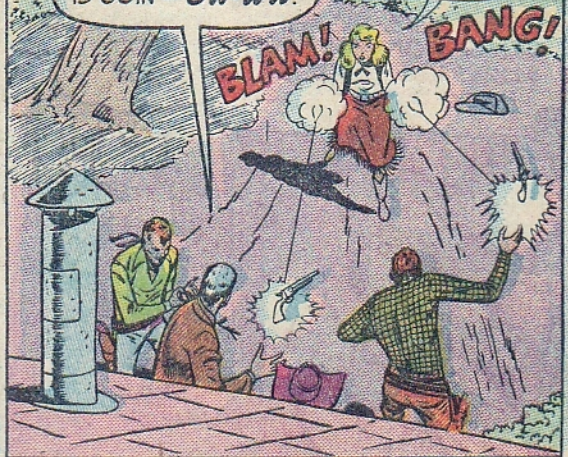
UNMINDFUL OF THE DANGER, LITTLE COW GAL SPINS ABOUT... HER REVOLVER BARKING A DEFIANT CHALLENGE...



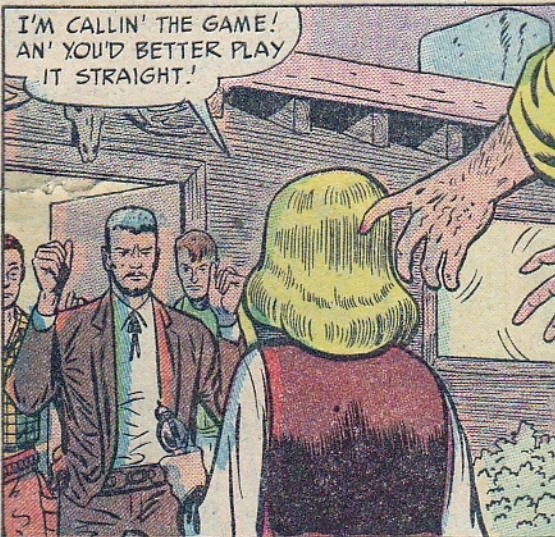
BUT THEN...

DROP THOSE GUNS AND GET YOUR HANDS UP FAST!

WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOIN'-- OW-WW!



I'M CALLIN' THE GAME! AN' YOU'D BETTER PLAY IT STRAIGHT!



I GOT HER, BOSS! WHAT NOW?

GET HER INTO THE SHACK AND WATCH HER! I'VE GOT SPECIAL PLANS FOR HER!

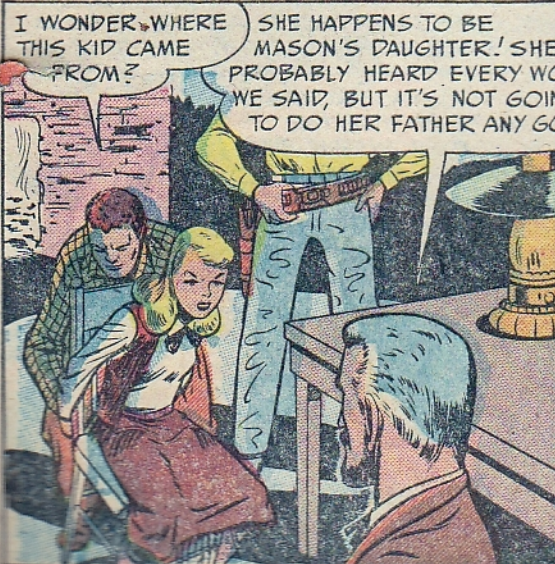


I WONDER WHERE THIS KID CAME FROM?

SHE HAPPENS TO BE MASON'S DAUGHTER! SHE PROBABLY HEARD EVERY WORD WE SAID, BUT IT'S NOT GOIN' TO DO HER FATHER ANY GOOD!

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PUT MY FATHER OUT OF BUSINESS! BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DO IT BY STAMPEDING HIS HERD, YOU'RE WRONG AGAIN!

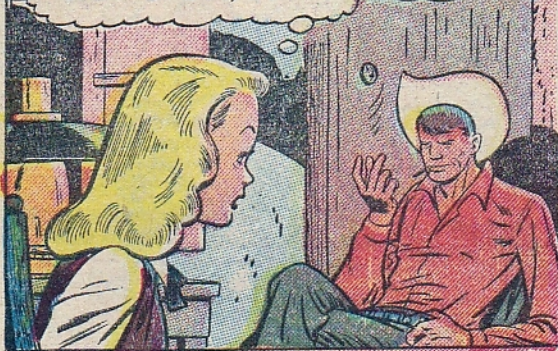
OH, YEAH? COME ON, BOYS! LET'S RIDE!



BLACK FURY

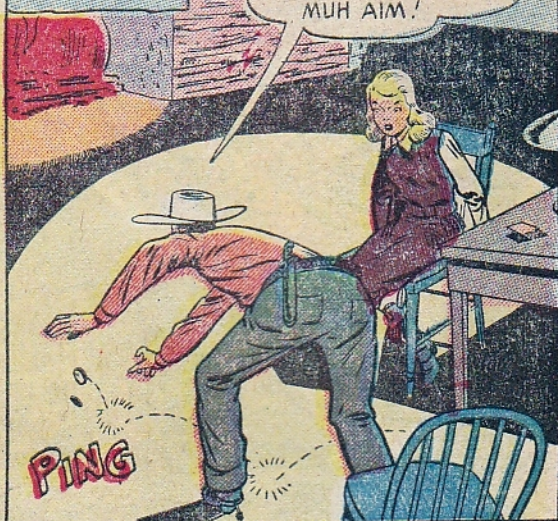
LEFT ALONE WITH A SINGLE GUARD, LITTLE COW GAL PONDER'S HER FATE AS PRECIOUS SECONDS TICK BY...

THE LONGER I'M KEPT HERE, THE BETTER ARE KANTRILL'S CHANCES OF GETTING IN HIS DIRTY WORK! IF I COULD ONLY HAVE ONE LUCKY BREAK, I'D --



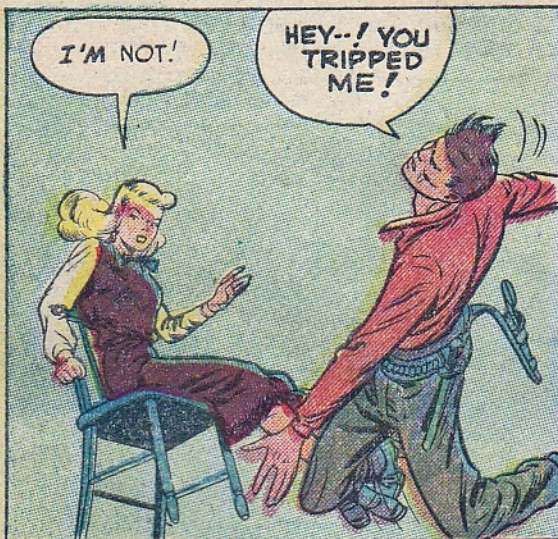
SUDDENLY...

RECKON I'M LOSIN' MUH AIM!

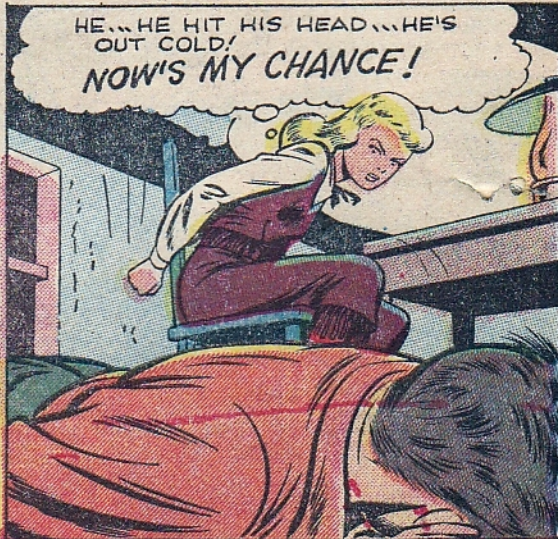


I'M NOT!

HEY--! YOU TRIPPED ME!

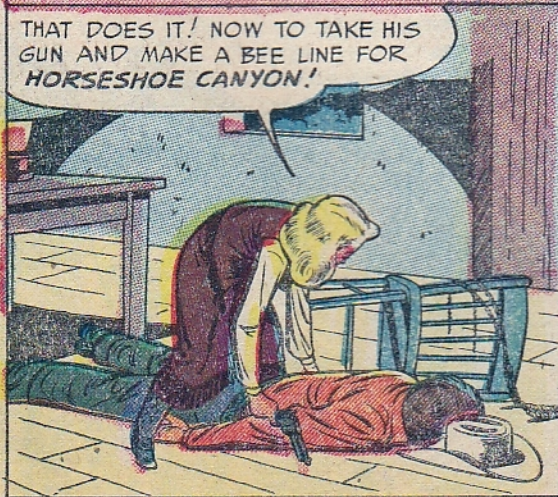


HE... HE HIT HIS HEAD... HE'S OUT COLD! NOW'S MY CHANCE!



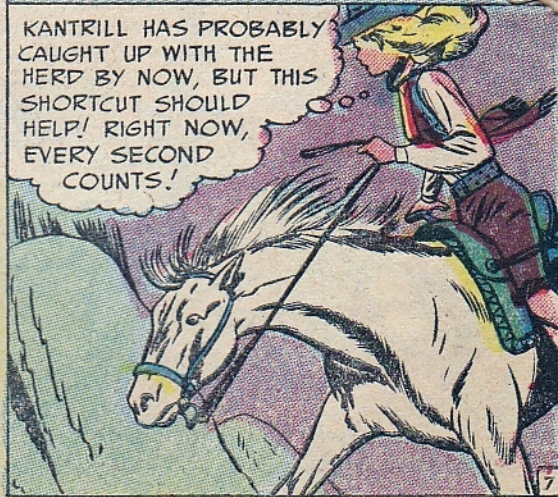
HURRIEDLY, LITTLE COW GAL BENDS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF HER CAPTOR.....

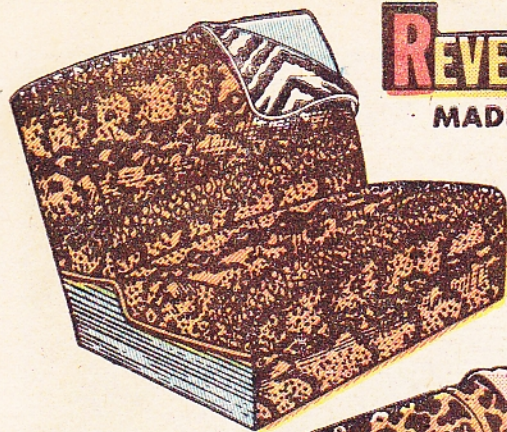
THAT DOES IT! NOW TO TAKE HIS GUN AND MAKE A BEE LINE FOR HORSESHOE CANYON!



MINUTES LATER, HORSE AND RIDER DASH FORWARD ALONG A NARROW, WOODED TRAIL...

KANTRILL HAS PROBABLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE HERD BY NOW, BUT THIS SHORTCUT SHOULD HELP! RIGHT NOW, EVERY SECOND COUNTS!





STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only

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STYLE #500

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5 day Money Back Guarantee!

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Please, send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

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☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Soljid Seat \$2.98
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☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

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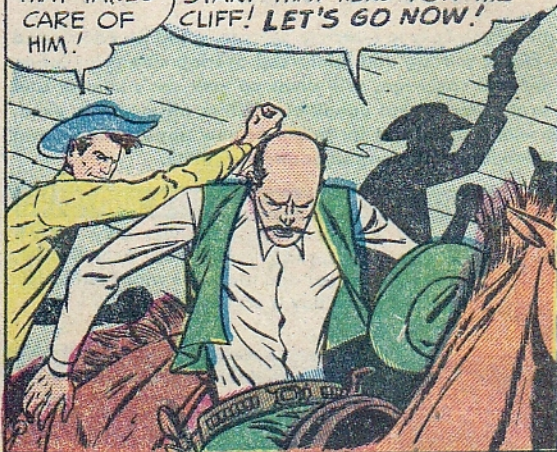
RUSH TODAY! LIMITED OFFER!

BLACK FURY

AND AT THIS MOMENT, KANTRILL MAKES HIS STRIKE ...

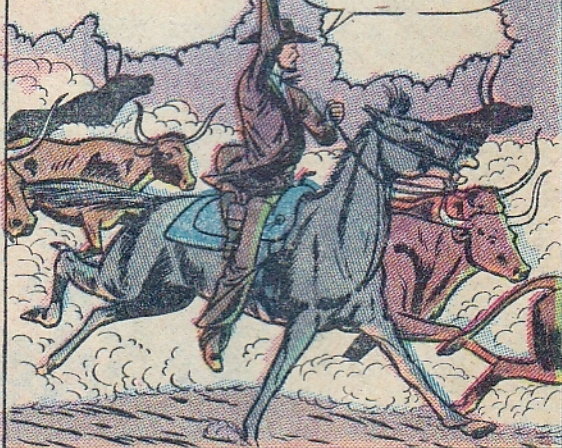
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!

UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS...AND START THAT HERD FOR THE CLIFF! LET'S GO NOW!



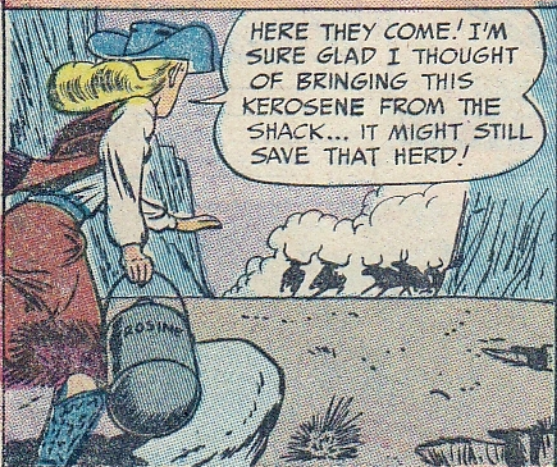
SECONDS LATER...

KEEP THEM GUNS BLAZIN'! THEY'RE HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR THE EDGE!



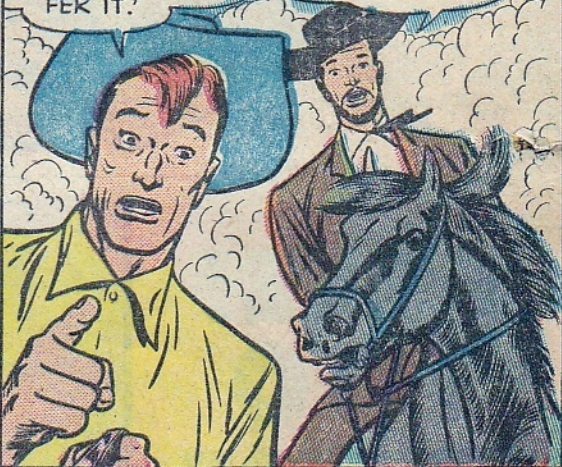
BUT AS THE HERD PLUNGES FORWARD, LITTLE COW GAL ARRIVES ON THE SCENE ...

HERE THEY COME! I'M SURE GLAD I THOUGHT OF BRINGING THIS KEROSENE FROM THE SHACK... IT MIGHT STILL SAVE THAT HERD!



L-LOOK WHAT'S UP AHEAD! WE'RE IN FER IT!

I-I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE -- PRONTO!



THE FLAMES WILL DO THE TRICK! THEY'LL TURN THE HERD!



AS THE MADDENED HERD REVERSES ITS CHARGE, KANTRILL MAKES HIS BID FOR FREEDOM ...

GIT ME OUTA HERE, KANTRILL! I'M ... UH-OH!

TOUGH LUCK, SPAG! I'M LOOKIN' AFTER MY OWN SKIN!

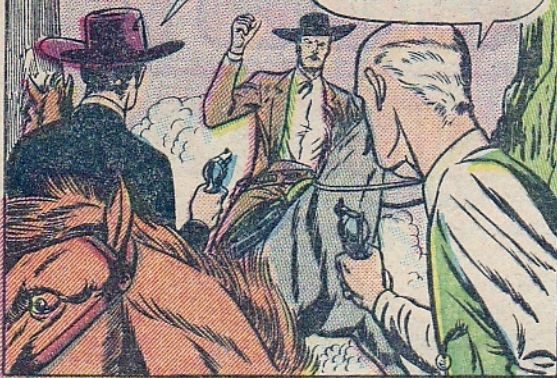


BLACK FURY

BUT THE ESCAPING RANCHER DOESN'T GET FAR...

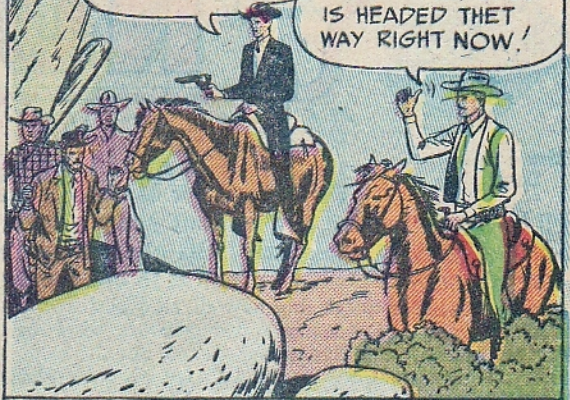
SLIDE OUTA THAT SADDLE, KANTRILL... AND KEEP THOSE HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR SIDE!

IF I WEREN'T A LAW ABIDIN' MAN, SHERIFF, I'D GIVE HIM WHAT HE DESERVES RIGHT NOW!



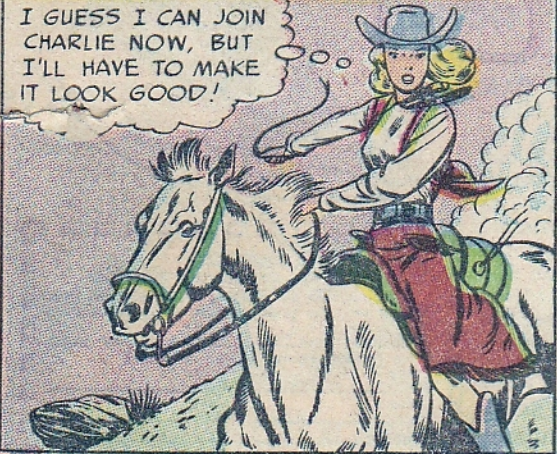
I GUESS WE GOT ALL OF 'EM THAT WEREN'T TRAMPLED! THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THINGS FROM HERE WHILE I HAUL THESE MEN OFF TO JAIL?

RECKON SO, SHERIFF! ONCE THE HERD HITS THE CREEK THEY'LL SLOW DOWN! MY CREW IS HEADED THAT WAY RIGHT NOW!



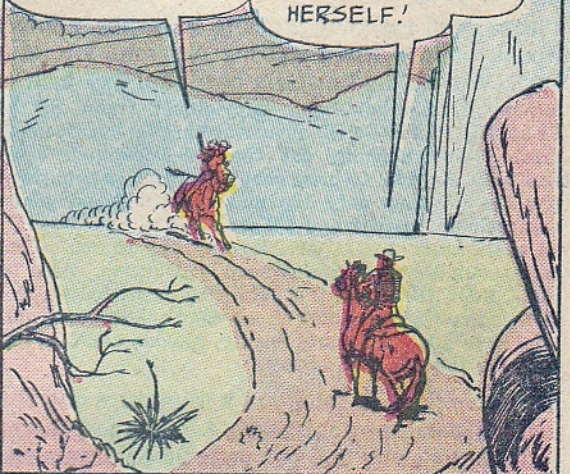
A SHORT WHILE LATER, AS THE COWHANDS ROUND UP THE SCATTERED HERD...

I GUESS I CAN JOIN CHARLIE NOW, BUT I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



CHARLIE--I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS!

WHA--? WHY, IF IT AIN'T THE LITTLE BOSS HERSELF!



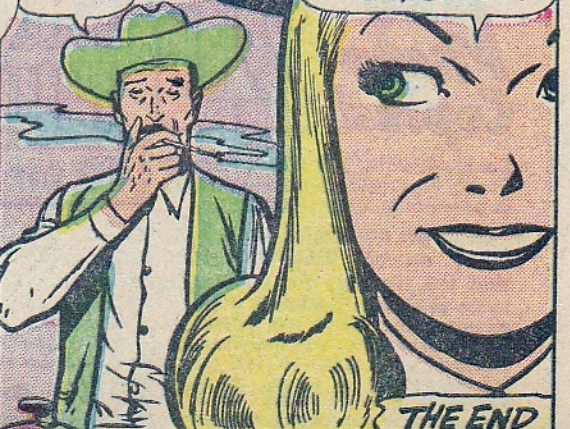
KANTRILL IS PLANNING TO STAMPEDE THE HERD!

HE TRIED, HONEY-- BUT HE FLOPPED! LUCKY FER US SHERIFF PAYNE SPOTTED THAT RANGE FIRE AND COME OVER FER A LOOK! CAUGHT THE WHOLE BUNCH RED-HANDED. ANYWAY THE HERD'S AS SAFE AS C'N BE!



THAT'S ONLY ONE THING I DON'T GET! WHO IN THE DICKENS COULD'VE STARTED THAT FIRE?

THAT'S FUNNY, CHARLIE! I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU EXACTLY THE SAME QUESTION!



THE END



Mrs. Ruth Long

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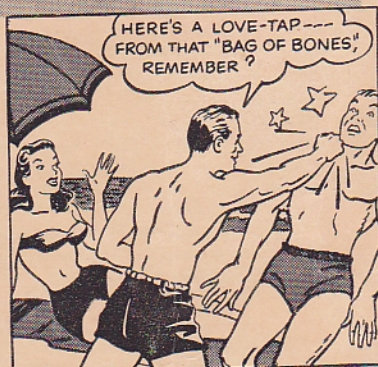
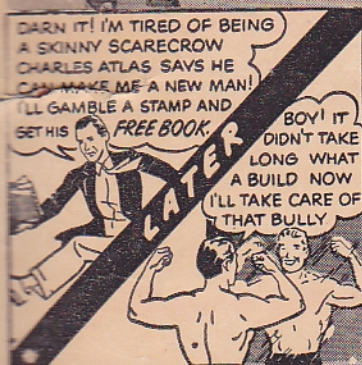
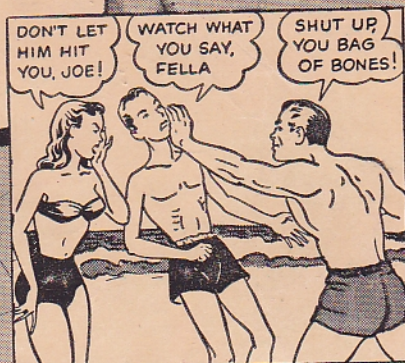
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City..... State.....

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